THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE COLUMBIAN SPINSTER.

THE encouragement given in this country to ingenious adventurers, and the facility with which a patent may be obtained, has produced many useful discoveries in the arts, particularly in mechanics.*

Many of these improvements are the inventions of illiterate characters, to whom the science of mechanics, and the theory of the mechanical powers are almost wholly unknown; they are generally the result of an ardent mind, bent to the accomplishment of a particular object, goaded by necessity, or allured by the prospect of immediate wealth, a prospect often illusive, but not unfrequently realized: it is to such a character, to the halfpenny barber, Arkwright,† that Great Britain owes much of her wealth and power; and to this same barber are the United States indebted for the culture of one of its most considerable sources of wealth, and many a southern planter for his gilded carriage and splendid equipage.

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* A judicious selection and description of the improvements in the labour-saving machinery deposited at the seat of government might be attended with the happiest results to the community. At present they are buried in a mass of crudities and trash, of little advantage to the inventors or the public.

† Sir Richard Arkwright, who, by his mechanical inventions for carding and spinning cotton, raised himself from the humble station of a country barber to an immense fortune, and an honorary title.

Of this stamp is the character, of Mr. John M'Bride, of the State of Tennessee, to whom we are indebted for the invention of a machine for ginning, carding, and spinning cotton, at one continued operation, which he has, with much propriety, denominated the *Columbian Spinster;* a machine which promises to be extensively useful in the United States, particularly in those southern parts where cotton is raised, and where the whole application of the machinery may be obtained.

This machine, which is an ingenious combination of known principles, consists of an oblong frame, supporting the various parts, at one end of which is a box or trough into which the cotton is thrown, the back of which box is lined with brass, having long perpendicular apertures, corresponding to the number of circular saws ranged at equal distances on the axis of the water or hand wheel; parallel to these circular saws are laid a cylinder of brushes and two cylinders covered with wire teeth, the first, of less diameter than the cards, sweeps the cotton as it is disengaged from the seeds, (which latter fall through a narrow opening in the bottom of the box into a receptacle or shallow box prepared to receive them,) and distributes it on the first of the carding cylinders, the wire teeth on which are placed in rows round the cylinder, whereas on the other they run lengthwise; these two large carding cylinders revolve slowly; a light frame, working by a crank and connecting-piece, carries a comb, which, by an occasional rapid stroke, sweeps the cotton to a row of small hollow cones or funnels, through which it is drawn by several metallic fluted rollers, the pressure of which is regulated by levers, to the one end of which are attached spiral springs, and spun on stationary spools, having cylindrical covers or flyers attached to the whirls, and which are placed in a parallel and horizontal position over each other. To a frame, at one end of which the spools are affixed, is placed a rocker or regulator, having a tooth moving in a spiral groove on the axis of a band wheel, which, by drawing out by degrees the spools, causes the yarn to be distributed equally on them; when completely covered and drawn out, they are taken away and replaced by others, the regulator is then raised, and the frame with the spools brought again into their covers.

The motion of the various parts is produced by bands passing in different directions over the wheels, or the axes of the cylinders and rollers, and suitable weights and pullies give to these bands a proper tention.

Though this beautiful and delicate material is capable of being wrought to an almost inconceivable degree of fineness,‡ yet it is not probable that the finer kind of cotton goad will be manufactured in

this country for many years to come. The yarn spun by this machine is equal to that spun by the mule or jenny. Though apparently complicated, it is less so than may be imagined, considering its various operations, from receiving the cotton with the seed, and delivering it in the spool; it is, moreover, of permanent construction, not liable to get out of repair, the principal moving parts being made of cast steel. No particular skill is requisite in the management of it, and the size of the thread may be varied from ten hundred to three. It occupies little space, and may be constructed on a small scale, suitable for the use of a family, or the proportions may be enlarged, and the number of spindles varied at pleasure.

The manufacture of cotton is rapidly receiving the attention it merits; the State of Rhode Island, in particular, has found in it a new source of industry and wealth; during the last year 30,000 spindles have been at work in that state, which, on a moderate calculation, have produced manufactured goods to the annual value of two millions of dollars.

C.

REFERENCES TO THE DRAWING.

AA The frame of the machine.
BB The circular saws which pick and clean the cotton.
C The cylinder of brushes, which takes off the cotton from the saws.
DD The cards.
E The wheel which puts the whole in motion.
F The whirl band cylinder.
dd Pullies and weights.
ee Rollers.
fff Band.
g Band wheel, which turns the inverted conic screw.
J The rocker or regulator.
K The vessel which receives the seed.
ooo The whirls.
nnn The flyers or cylindrical covers.
rrr The spools.
L The box into which the uncleaned cotton is thrown.

‡ M. Barneville, at Paris, by successive improvements in the construction of machinery for spinning cotton, has been enabled to produce from a single pound of cotton 300,000 ells (aunes) of yarn, manufactured into muslin, a piece of it, 16 Parisian yards long, weighed only four ounces. The French government, aware of the importance of his improvements, have made him a suitable and an honourable recompense.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following article, which will be continued in a regular series in this Journal, relates to a quarter of the globe, so interesting to the voyager, the naturalist, the politician, and the philosopher, that it deserves what it will always receive, a sufficient portion of the attention of the reader. Our traveller informs us that in the course of no illiberal amusements, when he was abstracted from the laborious occupations of business, he was in the habit occasionally of devoting a portion of his time to the formation of a work, which might partake of the nature of a History of the Empire of Hayti, from the date of its establishment to the present era. Our narrator has been in that unfortunate country *twice*, and during a residence there of no inconsiderable duration, was at pains to collect Historical facts and Biographical anecdotes, and to remark attentively the manners, habits, and customs of the people. The majority of merchants and adventurers to this romantic region have been led thither by motives merely commercial. But our Traveller had liberal leisure and liberal pursuits; and he has so usefully employed the one, and so successfully profited by the other, that we believe a great portion of his narrative is calculated both to amuse and instruct.

Our Correspondent, who is not an author by Profession, aspires in point of style, to no other praise than that of neatness, perspicuity, and simplicity. But on the originality, novelty, and interest of his communications, he rests all his calculations for a favourable reception.

Of the skill, with which the author has moulded his materials, the Editor is disposed to think favourably. But the Public will always determine in the last resort. To that unerring tribunal the author appeals. If the sentence should prove a harsh one, still, the author, with not more propriety than modesty, hopes, that as his stock of materials is not only vast, but accumulating, they may, at no distant day, be resorted to as a valuable collection of facts, by some able Historian.

It should be remembered that this colony, however distinguished by the name of Hispaniola, St. Domingo, or Hayti, has ever been considered an interesting object, whether regarded by the eyes of liberal Curiosity, or the subject of the dreams of romantic Enterprize, or the tempter of Cupidity, or the mine of a Planter's or Merchant's avarice. It was one of the earliest and most important discoveries in the New World. It has been both the Parent and the Nurse of all the subsequent establishments of Spain in this Hemisphere. It gradually acquired the form of a regular and prosperous society. The miraculous fertility of the soil, the salubrity of the climate, the beauty of the land-

scape, allured every adventurer. This Colony, superior to all others in the torrid zone, according to the remark of an accurate observer, was the *first mark* that the Europeans impressed on a vast portion of the globe; and, hence, it certainly ought to attract the attention of every philosopher. One of the four great Antilles, and, Cuba excepted, the most extensive of them all; the cradle of the Europeans in the New World; and, as an island, conspicuous from afar, as its native name, Hayti, indicates, for the loftiness of its mountains; with an exuberant population and a smiling territory, it appears amply to deserve all the praise, which the judicious and the romantic have been equally lavish to bestow. *Editor.*

MEMOIRS OF HAYTI—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

INTRODUCTION.

Hispaniola, the most beautiful and fertile of the West India Islands, has for many years been the seat of one of the most sanguinary rebellions recorded in the pages of history. The ruder ages of antiquity have scarcely produced such direful events as this unfortunate country has exhibited.

The writer of the following letters, in the early part of the year 1804, in the course of some mercantile pursuits, visited Hispaniola. This being his first voyage, afforded him pleasing objects of speculation. The novelty of the scene to which he was introduced, in a country emerging from a state of slavery to the rank of an independent nation, produced those strong impressions which the sensibility of youth is so naturally formed to receive.

He there first conceived the idea of recording, as correctly as his opportunities of information would enable him, the transactions most worthy of notice which occurred about this period: but the unsettled state of the government rendered it dangerous for a stranger to commit to writing any relation that would represent things in their true light. The only mode of accomplishing his views, which could be pursued in safety, was the making of memoranda of dates, with a mere hint of occurrences connected therewith, but for the most part, he was compelled to rely for a short time upon his memory.

On returning to the United States, a detention at the Lazaretto afforded the first period of leisure which presented itself, for placing on paper the fruits of his observations, and shortly after his return to Phi-

ladelphia, he published in the American Daily Advertiser, "A Short Account of the present State of Affairs in St. Domingo." To this account was prefixed, as introductory to the then state of the country, a brief notice of the events that occurred at the commencement of the Revolution, which, from misinformation, was, in several particulars, incorrect; and the narrative itself being written in haste, and perhaps under the influence of some prejudice against the Haytians, was destitute of order, and contained, perhaps, many trivial details.

In the latter end of 1805, the writer again visited that country, where he remained upwards of seven months. From frequent opportunities of intercourse, and even intimacy, with many officers and people of distinction, (some of whom were men of talents and education) he was enabled to add much to his former stock of information, and after his return, he wrote for publication "A circumstantial Account of the Massacre in St. Domingo, in May, 1806," which appeared in several of the city papers.

The intention of writing a connected and circumstantial history of the Haytians subsequent to their independence, after which the writer's acquaintance with that people commenced, has been long entertained, and has indeed been with him, a favourite and frequent subject of reflection. He has consequently availed himself of every opportunity, that presented, of gathering information relative to this object, from respectable gentlemen, with whom he has corresponded or conversed, and upon whose veracity he could rely.

The epistolary form may perhaps require some explanation. The writer conceives there are many circumstances which do not strictly appertain to the department of history, and yet, as they tend much to show the manners and customs of a people, and their treatment of strangers, are well worthy of relation. In fact, a great part of his work will probably consist of such matter, and as he makes no claim to the rank of a *historian*, he is very willing to be considered merely as an annotator. The epistolary style seemed best suited to his abilities, and to avoid the imputation of egotism, to which he might be exposed, if he wrote in any other form, he concluded that his narrative in a series of letters addressed to a friend, would be the most unassuming mode, in which he could speak as often of himself as occasion would require.

The history of Hispaniola from its first discovery by Columbus, in 1492, to the commencement of the revolution, in 1789, and during several years of that dreadful era, has been fully and circumstantially related by Mr. Bryan Edwards, in his History of the West Indies: Rainsford also in his Empire of Hayti, published at London in 1805,

has treated the subject at large, and has continued his narrative to the commencement of that year.

The writer means to confine himself *chiefly* to that portion of the history of Hayti, which succeeds its independence, but if the reader wishes to acquaint himself with the early part of the revolution, he may receive ample information by referring to the works already mentioned. He will there see recorded the particulars of an event which has justly excited general attention. R.

LETTER I.

The Cape, Island of Hayti, January 23, 1804.

It is with sincere pleasure I now commence the series of letters I promised you on my departure from Philadelphia. You will recollect that my intention was, not to enter into any detail of the causes and progress of the revolution, which has alienated this colony from the mother country, but to confine my communications to the events which have occurred, since the declaration of the independence of Hayti, and immediately preceding. I shall endeavour, in the progress of my correspondence, to preserve, as far as possible, a strict impartiality in my narration, and to observe a scrupulous regard to truth. In fact, you may consider, as a general rule, that whatever is stated, unless otherwise particularly specified, will be founded, either upon my own observation, or what appears to me substantial evidence.

During the year 1803, the French army, which in the latter end of 1801, had been conducted from Europe by Le Clerc, being reduced by the diseases of the climate, and the fortune of war, to a very inconsiderable number, the few miserable survivors were compelled to take refuge in the seaport towns, and to make preparations for the final evacuation of the island.* This they effected during the summer and autumn of that year, excepting in the northern department, where by the obstinacy of Rochambeau, who succeeded as commander in chief at Le Clerc's death, the inhabitants of Cape François, and a few individuals at Cape Nichola Mole, were compelled to remain until they were nearly destroyed by famine. For some weeks, the inhabitants of the former place were blockaded by a British squadron, and on the land were closely besieged by the blacks, who burnt and destroyed all the plantations, houses, and gardens, which lay in their way. In this

* The term *island*, as generally used in these letters, is to be understood as applied only to the *French part*. The eastern territory, formerly Spanish, is yet occupied by the French, and has never been in possession of the blacks.

deplorable situation, they were under the necessity, after having eaten their horses, dogs, mules, &c. of making the best arrangements they could for their capitulation. As they knew that by delivering themselves up to the English they would be conveyed beyond the reach of the negroes, their most dangerous and implacable foes, propositions were made to them the same day on which a negociation had been opened with Dessalines, commander in chief of the black army. But the terms, on which Commodore Loring was willing to treat, being considered by Rochambeau as "inadmissible," he found the negociation with the Indigenes to be an affair of some importance, and a capitulation was entered into on the 18th of November, by which the French were allowed *ten* days (after the 19th) to evacuate the Cape. This cessation of hostilities, so favourable to Rochambeau, was not communicated to the English, and afforded him a convenient opportunity to make preparations for his departure, and the interim was, it is presumed, occupied in the endeavour to devise some means for effecting an escape. The vigilance of the British, however, prevented the execution of any such design, and being informed by Dessalines of the capitulation, Commodore Loring, when the term had nearly expired, requested the former to furnish him with pilots to carry in a part of his squadron, for the purpose of taking possession of the French shipping. The Commodore also expressed his hopes, as he saw no movements on the part of the French, that the black General had not altered his disposition towards them. The answer of Dessalines fully satisfied him on this subject.

On the 29th of November, according to the terms of the capitulation, the town was delivered up to the blacks, and the French army had repaired on board the shipping in the harbour; and on the 30th, Commodore Loring, seeing the Indigene colours flying on the forts, sent an officer to ascertain the cause of this change. The messenger was met by a French officer, who invited him on board one of the vessels, to enter into articles for the surrender of the fleet. Arrangements were immediately made, and as the term for the evacuation had expired, the blacks were threatening to sink and burn the ships with red hot shot. Some little forms of etiquette, such as sailing out under French colours, and firing their broadsides previously to surrender, were granted; and after waiting a short time for a fair wind, during which Dessalines was with much difficulty prevailed upon to desist from firing, the French force amounting to about 8000 men, with the shipping, consisting of 3 frigates and 17 merchantmen, were taken possession of by the English, and conveyed to Jamaica. Many of the inhabitants also took their departure with this fleet.

A small garrison still remained at Cape Nichola Mole, under General Noailles, which was summoned to surrender by Commodore Loring, on the 2d December, and under pretence of making arrangements for a capitulation, Noailles evacuated the place in the night, with six vessels, all of which, except the one in which he was, fell into the hands of the English. He escaped to a port in Cuba, it is said, and thence sailed in a small French vessel, which was attacked by a British cruizer, and in the engagement was killed. This man, known in Philadelphia, where he resided some time as the Viscount de Noailles, was one of those unprincipled characters, who, during the government of Le Clerc, caused bloodhounds to be sent from Cuba to the Cape, for the destruction of the negroes. R.

RHETORIC—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In The Port Folio for February, we commenced the publication of Dr. Abercrombie's general introduction to his highly valuable course of lectures on the arts of READING AND PUBLIC SPEAKING. In this preliminary discourse, the learned author, in a very luminous, elegant, and satisfactory manner explained, not merely the particular objects of his undertaking, but the great principles of rhetoric, as elucidated by the light of the most illustrious writers and speakers, who flourished during the fairest epochs of literature. This lecture has excited a very vivid interest, particularly among those, who are destined for the bar, and the church, or whose ambition incites them to the attainment of those powers, which may distinguish an orator in the councils of his country.

Dr. A. having, with equal urbanity and address thus pleasantly conducted us through the porch, it now remains to enter and explore a magnificent temple.

Of these ingenious and instructive lectures we now publish the first, which is explanatory of the principles of articulation.

Of all arts and sciences the *elements* are necessarily the most arid and repulsive; but though terrific, and even disgusting to that yawning lassitude, which shrinks from the slightest exertion, yet the aspiring and ambitious, as well as the philosophical student, though fully conscious of the ruggedness, disdains that such a circumstance should prevent his pursuing the path.

Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam must obey the leading laws of the course. It is notorious to all, who have had any experience in the government and instruction of youth, that without a strict course of elementary discipline, no extraordinary proficiency in any art or language can be attained. If ignorant or careless of the *rudiments* of knowledge, men rely upon genius alone to enable them to struggle successfully through the perplexities which embarrass, for example, the acquisition of a foreign idiom, it will be found to be a most miserable mistake, and the presumptuous Tyro will be continually stumbling on classical ground. To boys of the brightest parts, nay of ardent application, few books have a more harsh and tremendous air, than Lily's Grammar; and yet, of the innumerable scholars who have adorned Westminster, Winchester, the Charter House, or Eton, there is scarcely one who has not made himself entire master of this dull but necessary book. A modern philosopher, with the wonted wildness of his sect, has somewhere talked very idly about the husk of learning, and of grovelling among the chips and sawdust of grammar; but he who disdains thus humbly for a season to linger at the foot of the tree of knowledge, will scarcely elevate himself to its top. In some of the old editions of the austere author, to whom we have alluded, there is a motto prefixed in simple latinity, implying that though the root of learning be bitter, yet the fruit is sweet. The foundation of an elegant edifice is not as showy as the gilded roof, and yet is equally necessary. Without the Tuscan basis, we lose more than half the delight, arising from a survey of the Corinthian pillar. QUINTILIAN, who has written with more good sense on this subject than any of his contemporaries or followers, has insisted largely upon this subject, and his opinion is entitled to the greatest deference, not merely because he was an eloquent writer, but a *practical teacher*. EDITOR.

LECTURE I.

On ARTICULATION, or the construction and proper use of the organs of speech, in producing those various sounds which constitute the human voice.

GENTLEMEN,

THE subject to which I shall particularly solicit your attention this evening, is that of *Articulation*, or the construction and proper use of the organs of speech in producing those various sounds which constitute the human voice.

Articulation implies those modifications of sound, by which the letters, syllables, or words of any language are expressed by the operation of the voice, or faculty of speech. And the business of articulation is to make a distinction in sounds, be their tone, their loudness or lowness what it will; thereby to give a distinct and audible utterance to all the several sounds of which the words of a language are susceptible.

Articulation is performed by the organs of speech, which are, the teeth, tongue, lips, nostrils, and throat; hence the letters or elementary sounds derive their characters from the immediate action of either of those organs in modulating the air sent out from the lungs. Those letters which are sounded by the action of the tongue against the teeth being called dentals, as d, t, from the Latin word *dens* a tooth. Those which are formed by the lips, labials, from the Latin word *labium* a lip, as p, f, b, &c. Those by the throat, gutturals, from the Latin word *guttur* the throat, as k, x and *g* hard, as in *go*; though those letters which have by some been called *gutturals*, should, strictly speaking, be denominated *palatine* or *palatals*, being formed rather by the operation of the *palate* than by the throat. Lastly, those which are formed by the nose are called nasals, from the Latin word *nasus* the nose, as *m*, *n*, *ng* as in hang, *nk* in thank, *an* in banquet. These organs, thus operating upon the breath, form the varieties of sound in the human voice. Every time we *in*spire or draw the air into the mouth, it descends down the throat into the lungs: the same act of *in*spiration expanding the lungs for the admission of the air, and the act of *re*spiration contracting them. The air thus contained in the lungs is sent up the windpipe, or that irregular and knotty tube in the throat, the top of which is called the *larynx*. This larynx, composed of cartilaginous or gristly substances, expands and contracts at pleasure. In the middle of the larynx is a little hole, called the *glottis*, not wider than the tenth of an inch, through which the breath and voice are conveyed. Those persons, therefore, who have a large glottis, have consequently a full deep-toned voice; those who have a small glottis, a shrill and sharp one. Thus the sound from the pipes of an organ depends upon the diameter of the pipes. This *glottis* is provided with a lid, called the *epiglottis*, which covers it when we swallow any thing: and if by accident any part of our food or drink gets into the windpipe by this passage, it occasions coughing, and a considerable degree of pain until the offending matter is thrown out.

The *acuteness* or *gravity* of tone in the human voice depends upon the aperture of the glottis; and its *strength* or *weakness* upon the strength or weakness of the lungs, and partly too, perhaps, upon the

shape and magnitude of those cavities in the throat and mouth by which the sound is reverberated. The voice, like every other faculty, may be greatly improved by exercise, and grow worse by neglect.

The breath thus passing with rapidity and violence through the glottis, is reverberated from the palate and roof of the mouth, and in its passage it is modulated by the organs of speech. For articulation does not begin till the breath or voice has passed through the larynx. And as those hollow places in the inside of the mouth and nostrils are by nature better or worse shaped for reverberation, the voice is rendered more or less agreeable. *Speech* is articulated voice; *whispering*, articulated breath.

"If we consider," says a judicious writer on this subject, "the many varieties of sound, which one and the same human voice is capable of uttering, together with the smallness of the diameter of the glottis, and reflect that the same diameter must always produce the same tone, and consequently that to every change of tone a correspondent change of diameter is necessary, we must be filled with admiration at the mechanism of these parts, and the fineness of the fibres that operate in producing effects so minute, so various, and in their proportions so exactly uniform. For it admits of proof, that the diameter of the human glottis is capable of more than sixty distinct degrees of contraction or enlargement, by each of which a different note is produced; and yet, the greatest diameter of that aperture does not exceed one tenth of an inch."

A correct articulation, therefore, which is the essential property of a good reader or speaker, consists in giving a full and distinct utterance to the several simple and complex sounds. The nature of these sounds ought to be well understood, and much pains should be taken to discover and correct those faults in articulation, which, though often ascribed to some defect in the organs of speech, are generally the consequence of inattention or bad example. The most effectual mode of conquering bad habits in reading or speaking is, to read aloud passages chosen for the purpose; such, for instance, as abound with long and unusual words, or in which many short syllables come together, and to read much slower than the sense and just speaking would require. Almost all persons, who have not studied the art of speaking, have a habit of uttering their words so rapidly, that this exercise ought to be carefully observed; for where there is a uniformly rapid utterance, it is absolutely impossible that there should be strong emphasis, natural tones, or any just elocution. There may be also an extreme on the opposite side; a lifeless, drawling manner, which allows the minds of the hearers to be always outrunning the reader or

speaker, must render every such performance insipid and fatiguing. But the error of reading too fast is much more common. To pronounce, therefore, with a proper degree of slowness, and with full and clear articulation, is necessary to be studied and invariably adhered to by all who wish to become good readers, and it cannot be too much attended to. Such a pronunciation gives weight and dignity to the subject. It is a great assistance to the voice, by the pauses or rests which it allows it more easily to make, and enables the reader to swell all his sounds, both with more force and more harmony.

The pronunciation of the elementary sounds of a language is to speaking and reading what the practice of the notes is in singing; it being as necessary for the speaker or reader to be able to pronounce distinctly each letter of the alphabet, as for a singer to sound every note in the scale of music. It has often been observed, by foreigners, who have acquired through study and long practice a perfect command of our language, and even by native Englishmen, that it is generally pronounced with more accuracy and melody in the middle States of America than in England. The variety of dialects throughout that country, and particularly what is called the Cockney pronunciation of London, occasioning such corruption and confusion as sometimes to render native Englishmen unintelligible to each other.

A very marked difference of pronunciation also prevails among the inhabitants of Ireland, of Scotland, and of Wales; all professing to speak the English language. The chief peculiarities of the Irish are in the sounds of the two first vowels, *a* and *e*; the former being generally sounded *a*, as in *bar*, in most words where it is pronounced *ā*, as in *day*, by the English. Thus they say *pat'tron*, *mat'tron*, when they should say *pātron*, *mātron*; it being an established rule that when the letter *a* ends a syllable, and the accent is upon it, it has invariably the sound of slender *a*, except in the words *father*, *papa*, *mamma*, and *alarum*.

The second vowel, *e*, is for the most part sounded *ee*, by the English, whereas the Irish sound it like slender *a*; and in its combination with *a*, *i*, and *e*, as in *tay*, *plase*, for *tea*, *please*; and *desate*, *resave*, for *deceit*, *receive*, with many other deviations.

The final *e* mute, in correct English pronunciation, makes the preceding *e* in the same syllable, when accented, have the sound of *ee*; as in the words *supreme*, *sincere*, *replete*. This rule is almost universally broken through by the Irish, who pronounce all such words as if written suprāme, sinsāre, replāte. There are I believe but two exceptions to this rule in the English pronunciation, which are the words *there*, *where*.

But the strongest characteristic of the pronunciation of Ireland, is the rough jarring sound of the letter *r*, and the aspiration or rough breathing before all the accented vowels. The termination *rm* is also by them generally divided into two syllables, as in *sto rum*, *fa rum*, for *storm*, *farm*.

The pronunciation which distinguishes the inhabitants of Scotland is very different. They pronounce almost all their accented vowels long. Thus they say *haabit*, *teepid*, *seenir*, for *habit*, *tepid*, *sinner*. Slender *a* is pronounced by them as *aw*, as *Sawtin*, *fawtal*, for *Satan*, *fatal*; and frequently they change the accent in dissyllables: a ludicrous instance of which occurred during the American war. A Scottish member of Parliament, more remarkable for a powerful eloquence, than for pure English pronunciation, in the course of a speech said, "I will not give my súpport to a Cabāl, but I will give my súpport to Administrātion." This declaration, the part he meant to take having been before dubious, produced a marked sensation with a cry of "hear, hear," which excited the curiosity of a member just then entering. Turning to the old door-keeper, who happened to be at his elbow within the door, he asked what the speaking member had said. "I do not know" answered the door-keeper, "what he has been talking about; only I just heard him say he would give a *ball* and *supper* to Administration." This strange perversion of the words, as jocular as it may appear, the old man made without any intention of either joke or perversion, misled entirely by the honorable member's Scottish pronunciation of the words *cabal* and *support*, with the broad sound of *a* in the second syllable of the former, as in the word *hall*; and a strong accent on the first syllable of the latter instead of the second, as in the word *supper*.

The Welsh pronounce the sharp consonants and aspirations instead of the flat; instead of *b* they use *p*, for *g* they use *k* or hard *c*, and for *d* they employ *t*, for *blood* they say *plut*, for *God*, *cot*, and for *dear*, *tear*; *s* is also used by them for *z*, as for *zeal* and *praise*, they say *seal* and *praisse*; *f* they substitute for *v*, as instead of *virtue* and *vice*, they say *firtu* and *fice*. Shakspeare's exemplification of the Welch pronunciation, in the character of Parson Evans, is very accurately executed. "It is petter," says he to Shallow, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, "It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings good discretions with it." "It is not meet the Council hear of a riot; there is no fear of *Got* in a riot: the Council look you, shall desire to hear the fear of *Got*, and not to hear a riot." In one of the western counties of England, the semivowels are pronounced in a manner

directly opposite to that of the Welsh. For, as the Welsh change the vocal into the aspirate, they change the aspirate into the vocal; thus for *father* they say *vather*, for *Somerset*, *Zomerset*.

In some places in England they always omit the letter *h*. Instead of saying "heavy is the heart that is without hope," they would say, "*evy* is the *art* that is without *ope*." *V* and *w* are frequently substituted for each other. Instead of saying, virtue and vice are very opposite extremes, they would say, *wirtue* and *wice* are *wery* opposite extremes.

These, and similar errors, arise from the want of an accurate knowledge of the organs of speech, and the proper direction of their powers, in the formation of those elementary sounds, which constitute the basis of correct pronunciation.

The simplest articulate sounds are those which proceed from an *open mouth*, and are by grammarians called *vocal* or *vowel* sounds. When the voice in its passage through the mouth is totally intercepted, or strongly compressed, there is formed a certain modification of articulate sound, which, as expressed by a character in writing, is called a *consonant*. Silence is the effect of a total interception; and indistinct sound of a strong compression; and therefore a consonant is not of itself a distinct articulate voice; and its influence in varying the tones of language is not clearly perceived, unless it be accompanied by an opening of the mouth, that is, by a vowel, with which it must necessarily be connected to obtain an articulate sound. Hence its derivation from the two Latin words *con* together with, and *sono* to sound.

The human voice in passing through the mouth may be *intercepted* by the lips, or by the palate and tongue, or by the tongue and throat: and each of these interceptions may happen, when the voice is directed to go out by the mouth only, or through the nostrils only; or partly through the mouth and partly through the nose. Thus if the voice, directed to the mouth only, be totally intercepted by the lips, we articulate what is expressed by the letter *P*; if by the tongue and palate, *T*; if by the tongue and throat, *K*. These three consonants are therefore called *pure mutes*; because these interceptions, unless preceded or followed by a vowel, produce absolute silence. If the voice directed to go forth, partly through the mouth, and partly through the nose, be totally intercepted by the lips, we form the sound expressed by *B*; if by the tongue and palate, *D*; if by the tongue and throat, the simple sound of *G*, as it is heard in the word *gay*. These consonants are called *semi-mutes*; because, without the assistance of any vowel, they produce a faint sound, which continues for a little time, and seems partly to pass out by the nose, and partly to reverbe-

rate from the roof of the mouth; and hence when the nose is shut it is not easy for us to give them a distinct utterance. While the voice is passing out by the nostrils chiefly, if the lips be closed we hear the sound of *M*; if the forepart of the tongue be applied to the palate, *N* is formed; and if the tongue be drawn a little backward towards the throat, we produce the final sound of the words *sing*, *ring*, *long*, &c. These are called *semi-vowels*, because of themselves and without the aid of any vowel, they make a sound, which is not very indistinct, and may be continued as long as we please. If while we are sounding them, we suddenly shut our nose, the sound ceases entirely, which is a proof that it goes out by the nostrils.

Thus, by the operation of the different organs of speech, either singly or combined, are the different simple elementary sounds of our language produced: and by attending to the peculiar motions of these articulating organs, ingenious men have even contrived the art of teaching those who are born deaf to speak.

One of the simplest combinations in language is the diphthong: which is formed when two contiguous vowel sounds coalesce in such a manner, as that though they form but one syllable, the sound of both, or at least a double sound is distinctly heard, as *oi* in *voice*, *ou* in *ounce:* sometimes indeed three vowels coalesce in this manner by a single impulse of the voice, as *i*, *e*, *w*, in *view*.

Consonants, by being joined to consonants, produce many combinations of articulate sound; and simple vowels and diphthongs may be joined to single or double or treble consonants, and thus an endless variety of syllables may be formed: and a syllable may be joined to other syllables, or stand by itself, so as to form short or long words; and each vowel sound may be long, or short, and vary the import of the syllable accordingly. So that though the number of elementary sounds is not great, the variety of *possible* words that may be formed by combining them is in every language so great, as almost to exceed computation, and much more than sufficient to express all the varieties of human thought. But the *real* words, even of the most copious language, may without difficulty be numbered; for, a good dictionary comprehends them all. In our language, after deducting proper names, and the inflections of our verbs and nouns, they do not exceed forty thousand.

The quantity of distinct speech that we pronounce with one effort of the articulating organs is called a *syllable*. In every syllable there must be one vowel sound at least; because without an opening of the mouth there can be no distinct articulation.

Language is made up of words, and words are the smallest divisions of speech that have signification. Syllables, as such, have no meaning; for a significant syllable is a word. Every word means something, either of itself or as joined to other words; and words derive their meaning from the consent and practice of those who use them.

Long words are said to give dignity to language, and short ones to be detrimental to harmony. There is some truth in the remark, but it must not be admitted without limitation. Many long words render language heavy and unwieldy: and short ones are not harsh, unless where by beginning and ending with hard consonants, they refuse to coalesce with the letters which go before or follow them. When that is not the case, a passage may be very musical or harmonious, even though consisting altogether of short words; as in the following passage from the Song of Solomon:

"My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair "one, and come away: for lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and "gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of "birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land: the "fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender "grape give a good smell: Arise, my love, my fair one, and come "away."

In this remarkably smooth and melodious passage, in which there are eighty-two words, sixty-nine of them are monosyllables. The truth is, that a mixture of long and short words may be necessary to harmony in languages generally; but in our language, a better sound is heard from many short words of Saxon original, if their initial and final articulations admit of an easy coalescence, than from a multiplicity of long words derived from the Greek and Latin. For in English, though there is much Latin and some Greek, yet the Saxon predominates, and its sounds are most acceptable to an English ear, because most familiar; and hence, with all its ease and apparent carelessness, the prose of Dryden, of Addison, of Swift, and of Pope, is incomparably more melodious than that of the elaborate and learned Sir Thomas Brown, Lord Shaftesbury, or even than that of the profound and acute Dr. Samuel Johnson. For the former adhere, where they can, to plain words of English or Saxon growth; while the others are continually dragging in gigantick terms of Greek or Latin etymology.

The great variety of derivative words in our language renders a correct pronunciation of it, particularly to foreigners, extremely difficult. It is therefore a point of the most essential importance, that the elementary sounds of our language should be perfectly understood and known, in order to command that accuracy and distinctness of

articulation, without which all expectations of being an elegant or even pleasing reader or speaker will be vain and nugatory.

To this important branch of our subject permit me *again* to direct your attention. Various and elaborate treatises have been written upon it by Dr. Nares, Dr. Johnson, Sheridan, Walker, and others; but the plainest and most concise statement with which I am acquainted, is that contained in the Orthography of Murray's Grammar. The elementary sounds are there exhibited in so brief and at the same time in so plain a manner, as to require but little time and attention to commit them to memory, and when acquired, will form a sure and permanent principle for the attainment of correct, melodious, and graceful Elocution.

ON FEMALE EDUCATION—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

At a recent examination of the pupils of that respectable Seminary, the Philadelphia Academy for the instruction of young Ladies,* the following appropriate address, on the importance and utility of female education, and the cardinal points to which it should be directed, was delivered by James Milnor, Esq. one of the Trustees. This elegant oration, in which the author has introduced a discussion upon a favourite topic, has led him to those salutary conclusions, which harmonize with Reason, Truth, and Experience. We subscribe to the author's opinion, we respect his principles, and commend his style. The ingenious speaker is right *in toto*.

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* The Seminary above noticed was incorporated by charter, on the 2d February, 1792; it is under the immediate care of the Principal, and the superintendence of a Board of Trustees, consisting of the following gentlemen, viz.

Doctor Benjamin Say, President; Doctor Henry Helmuth, Vice-President; Asa Bassett, Principal Secretary; Rev. Frederick Schmidt, Rev. Samuel Helfenstine, Doctor Anthony Fothergill, Doctor Benjamin S. Barton, Doctor James Mease, Rev. Doctor James Gray, Rev. Philip F. Mayer, Peter S. Duponceau, Esquire, James Milnor, Esquire, Laurence Seckel, Esq. Mr. Joseph B. Eves, Mr. Benjamin Tucker, and Mr. William Ashbridge.

It is but justice to the institution to mention, that all the examinations and performances of the pupils, afford abundant evidence of their diligence and application, and of the capacity and attention of the Principal in conducting and regulating their studies.

One of the first, who broached the false, the absurd, and pernicious doctrine, which Mr. Milnor has so successfully assailed, was the eloquent, but eccentric ROUSSEAU, whom men now generally agree in pronouncing an absolute madman. His fantastic theories and his wild paradoxes are certainly worthy of an inhabitant of Moorfields. They are specious, brilliant, and flighty. They shine, *like the gay motes that dance in the sunbeam.* They dazzle, and they confound us too, like the meteor of the meadows. But all the light, that this comet of Geneva has shed upon the nations, is but a baleful and portentous ray. It is false, and with all its glare, leads darkling mortals only to the pit of perdition.

In his *Emile*, a celebrated Tract on Education, and which was most justly reprobated by the Archbishop of Paris, he has introduced a certain Sophia, whom he wishes that his pupils should worship as an idol. Such a woman might shine in the *Palais Royale* and figure in the *Boudoirs* of Paris, but if such a character should appear among the correct females of this country, who are imbued with other principles, and are adorned by purer Graces, we are confident that she would be deliberately excluded from what is called good company. Yet it is this sort of Sophia, whom the philosophic Rousseau recommends as one, after whose examples young females should be educated. We do not say that the creator of this ideal personage has made her quite a courtezan, although Rousseau was sufficiently profligate for the attempt. But we aver that his mode of educating her could terminate in nothing less, than the formation of a character so full of levity, coquetry, and *fine feelings*, as to be constantly on the giddy verge of ruin. We should be perpetually anxious for such a daughter, or such a sister. We would not trust, no, not for a moment, to the loyalty of such a wife. We believe that Sophias are so numerous in Europe that the idea of Rousseau, which, perhaps, he hazarded as a mere sally of imagination, is now fully embodied. But in America, from a variety of causes, resulting in the most fortunate effects, the women, with few, very few exceptions, are modest, prudent, and well informed. They have all the vivacity, all the spirit, all the talents, and genius of Sophia, without one particle of her infidelity, on the one hand, and of her levity on the other. In our principal cities and great towns, the systems of education, judiciously adopted by wise and prudent teachers, are admirably calculated to form accomplished daughters, and good wives. The mode of instruction may be old-fashioned, may be rigid, may be even austere, but it is perfectly right, and the good fruits of such a culture are every where visible. Philadelphia and Boston have been for many years distinguished for the most sedulous care in the moulding of the minds, manners, and habits of women. Their education is most

carefully conducted; and in all the useful and in many of the ornamental branches of instruction, the ladies, particularly of the upper and more opulent classes, need not shrink from any comparison.

We are delighted to perceive that upon this important subject the opinions of Mr. Milnor are perfectly orthodox. His remarks upon the use and abuse of novel-reading; his lines of discrimination between the different walks of poesy; his summary recommendation of the various branches of Literature, in which females are generally initiated, are entitled to the attention of preceptors and pupils. Many of the more youthful of our female readers will peruse this address with advantage; and it is entitled to particular attention as proceeding from the desk of a professional gentleman and a man of the world, and therefore untainted by the pedantry of the cloister. EDITOR.

ADDRESS, &c.

AMONG the endless variety of subjects that have furnished grounds of contemplation to the human mind, few have been more fully canvassed and elucidated, than the one involving the important inquiry, Whether a state of nature or a state of civil society is most propitious to the end and aim of our being—happiness.

By a state of nature I do not mean that solitary unconnected mode of existence imagined by some visionary writers to have once obtained, because every sentiment of reason, and the irrefragable evidence of divine revelation, should lead us to reject such notions.

Man was evidently formed by his Maker for social intercourse; and whether he be found rude and uncultivated, in the wilds of Africa, or the wildernesses of America, or polished and polite in the circles of European fashion and parade, still his desire is to mix in the society and to enjoy the converse of his fellow men.

By a state of nature, I would understand the savage state; in which men associate together for mutual defence, and for obtaining the first necessaries of life, but where the forms of regular government, the enaction and observance of systems of laws, the culture and improvement of the mind by education, and all the refinements and delights of civilization are unknown.

Eccentricity of opinion in some, disappointment of over-sanguine expectations, and consequent discontent and dissatisfaction with the world in others, and a love of disputation in still more, have induced them to contend, that savages, with all their difficulties and privations, are happier than civilized men.

The controversy has always ended in an overthrow of sentiments so absurd, and the judicious are left to wonder that it should ever have commenced. Strange indeed it is, that it should ever have been supposed, that independent of the want of most of the various comforts of life with which we are surrounded, and the precarious nature of the

few they do possess, the habitual torpor of mind, and complete destitution of literary enjoyment, of which savages are the victims, should not of themselves afford conclusive grounds of preference for the civilized state. If we advert to what we know of the uncultivated aborigines of our own country, or recur to history for a knowledge of the inhabitants of other countries in former ages, and particularly if we pursue the latter through the several gradations of civilization from the time of their first emerging out of barbarism, to the present highly elevated character of many of them, we shall be led still more and more to prize the time, the place, and the manner of our own existence. There is abundant cause for gratitude to the giver of every good and perfect gift that he has cast our lot in a well ordered society, under a free government, where we may enjoy, without restraint, the pleasures of polished conversation and refined manners, the courtesies of mutual kindness and beneficence, the inestimable benefits of a religion founded on charity and love, and the unlimited improvement of the natural endowments of our minds. The female part of the community, whose happiness the directors of this institution have so much at heart, may well unite in grateful acknowledgments for the share allotted to them in the blessings of such a state.

In the early stages of society, the degradation of the female character is one of the most disgusting features presented to our view, and its elevation has been usually proportioned to the advances made in civilization and refinement.

In the unimproved condition of man, if the personal charms of women excite the attachment of the other sex, there is an entire want of those mental recommendations that can alone render it permanent and durable. Neither does the affection excited by external appearance afford an exemption from the most laborious and servile employments. While her athletic companion is reclining in ease and indolence, or walking with cruel unconcern by her side, the female savage is seen tottering under the weight of oppressive burthens, or ministering her ill-requited endeavours, to promote his happiness. Her fading beauties soon cease to enchain the affections of a brutal husband, and the severities of a comfortless and miserable lot are rendered doubly painful by the want of sympathy and commiseration.

If such be the condition of females in the state I have described, and if it be, as I consider it, the worst that can exist, so also have there been periods of the world, when mankind had made some progress out of barbarism, in which their character has been estimated far below its value.

Among the Egyptians, who were distinguished by their attainments in various branches of knowledge, we have reason to believe the female part of society partook but slightly of their advantages; although

it is supposed that some were permitted to acquire a knowledge of figures, and perhaps still more to employ themselves in music. But though among the Phenicians and Babylonians some attention was paid to female improvement, and it is said that the kings of the Medes and Persians were educated and instructed by women; yet it is lamentable to learn, that in Greece, whence have flowed to after times such copious streams of literary knowledge, their condition was little above that of the most abject slavery, and they were wholly denied the invaluable benefits of education.

It reflects discredit also on the codes of those ancient lawgivers, Solon and Lycurgus, that the precepts of the one established a mode of instruction for females, calculated to destroy the delicacy of their character, and to substitute a masculine boldness and effrontery in its place, while those of the other were wholly silent on this interesting subject. Of the ancient nations, Rome certainly shines forth most resplendent in the homage of the rougher to the milder sex, and the honourable estimation in which it held the latter.

That the education of females formed an important object of attention there, is well ascertained, and the names and characters of many bright examples of female talents, fortitude, and virtue, as handed down to us by history, evince its good effects.

What shall we say of latter times?

In the romantic days of chivalry, great as was the devotion of each valorous knight, to the protection and defence of his favoured fair, or warm and generous as was his attachment to the sex at large, little can be said of the exertions made in those times for the enlargement of their understandings, or the cultivation of their minds.

In many, also, of the more modern nations, where much of luxury and refinement has prevailed, female education has been either so greatly neglected, conducted on such injudicious and mistaken plans, or directed to such improper ends, as to sink the female character much below that station to which it is every where justly entitled. If now and then a female understanding, rising above every impediment, and disdaining every shackle, has shone forth like a bright corruscation amid surrounding darkness, it has afforded, to astonished observers, a mingled sensation of pleasure and regret; pleasure in perceiving those occasional victories of *mind*, and regret that the instances are rendered so rare, by the depression to which, error of opinion, and the force of bad habits have subjected it.

The result of these observations is, that a state of cultivated society is most propitious to the intellectual improvement and happiness of the female sex, but that with all the advantages of such a state, it has not generally occurred, that mankind have duly appreciated the advanta-

ges of female education, or been sufficiently sedulous in forming plans for their literary advancement.

It is due to the last century to acknowledge, that while almost every species of science and learning have undergone great and rapid improvements, the subject of education generally, and more particularly that department of it now under consideration, has occupied much reflection, and received great elucidation, both of a theoretical and practical kind.

In our own country, the incalculable value of education, viewed either as the promoter of happiness in its possessor, or as a mean of enabling him to contribute to the happiness of others, is by the enlighted part of the community correctly estimated.

Seminaries of learning, superintended by men of superior talents, and conducted under regulations liberal and wise are continually rising among us.

Blessed by the beneficent dispenser of all our benefits with an abundance of natural advantages, and favoured with an exemption from many of the evils of the transatlantic world, we have learnt also to prize the means h is providence has presented us for the culture of intellect; and we should also render him a partial return for his goodness, by an adaptation of our acquirements to all the useful purposes of life.

The degrading opinion, that the female mind is either unworthy or incapable of literary ornament, or that its acquisition is incompatible with the relative duties of women, has been nearly exploded. It is considered an ungenerous sentiment, that would ascribe to them an inferiority in natural genius, or an incapacity for the reception of learning; and instead of the illiberal recommendation of household cares, as alone deserving their attention, it has been discovered that it is easy for them to reconcile the acquirement and enjoyment of the benefits of a good education with the faithful discharge of every female duty.

It is a gratifying circumstance, that since the zeal for encouraging literature has ceased to seek its objects in our sex only, many illustrious examples have been added to those recorded in ancient history, of ladies who have been the delight of every circle where polite learning was the theme of conversation, as they have been examples of every domestic virtue in their own families.

In this metropolis ample means of instruction for the youth of both sexes are provided. Useful learning accommodated to the capacities of individuals, and regulated in its kind and extent by the situation and prospects of pupils, is now equally offered to the acceptance of all; and although the short-sighted policy, or false economy of some parents may lead them to reject the boon, and the indolence and frivolity of some children may defeat the kind endeavours of their friends to pre-

mote their advancement in learning, yet we have great reason to congratulate ourselves that so much has already been done, and to indulge in agreeable anticipations of what may yet be effected.

While, however, indulging such feelings, while exulting in the emancipation of the female mind from the fetters of prejudice, and the bondage of ignorance, let it be forever recollected, that as a polite and well-informed woman is the most welcome companion of the intelligent of our sex, a female pedant is in all respects the reverse.

The modesty and amiableness of her character should ever be considered by a well-bred woman, as ornaments of too valuable a description to give place to the affectation and conceit of scholastic attainments, and it should be her constant study to avoid an ostentatious display of the decorations of her mind, as a correct taste would direct her to do in those of her person. It must, indeed, be confessed, that in our days there is less danger than formerly of the occurrence of this evil.

The beneficial alterations that have taken place in the species of learning prosecuted in seminaries of female education, have had the effect of uniting the useful and agreeable.

While the pupil is directed to such branches of study as are calculated not wholly to engross the mind, but to allow her to prepare for the duties in life to which she may be destined; while she is presented with such as may never mar the delicacy of her sentiments, or the softness of her demeanor, but will embellish any situation in society she may be called to occupy; we need have little dread of female pedantry.

Possibly, in a disposition, as a general scheme, not to encourage our amiable friends to attempt the highest flights of scientific attainment, not to involve themselves in laborious efforts to become acquainted with the dead languages, or familiar with all the subtleties of an abstract philosophy, we may err on the contrary extreme.

We may not sufficiently inculcate the necessity of adhering to what is really useful, and by carelessness in this respect may suffer our young ladies to acquire a fondness for reading of too light and trivial a kind. This is a fault, into which, of all others, the undirected youthful mind is most apt to fall.

On one description of books it feeds, if permitted, with a ruinous avidity. I mean the trash, under the names of novels and romances, which false taste, weak intellects, or depraved dispositions have thrown in such numbers on the world. Instead of the evil of pedantry, these are calculated to seduce the unsettled minds of young persons into the adoption of erroneous and immoral principles, to beget frivolity of disposition, and a dislike of more solid and profitable reading, to encourage false views of life, and frequently to terminate in a disastrous course of conduct.

I know that this may be considered a hackneyed topic of censure and declamation, but I hope to obtain some credit for venturing on it, even from my young friends, when I assure them that I by no means intend to proclaim a general denunciation of works of fiction. Some works of this description do equal honour to the heads and hearts of their authors, and may unhesitatingly be read with profit and delight.

While entertaining the imagination of the female reader, they may increase her knowledge, correct her taste, and regulate her morals. Others, without impurity of sentiment, or vulgarity of diction, may excite innocent mirth and gayety, and may occasionally afford a seasonable relief from the toils of study or of business.

But the number of novels entitled to encomium of any kind is comparatively so small, that it would be infinitely better for a young lady never to open one, than to seize them with that total neglect of discrimination, which, it is to be feared, too often obtains.

The injurious effects of this neglect would be more apparent, were it not that the rapidity used in running through the endless variety of insipid nonsense, unnatural incident, corrupt sentiment, and beggarly style, of the duodecimos daily emitted from our circulating libraries, prevents the memory of the reader from retaining their baneful contents.

Permit me, my young friends, without attempting a cynical exclusion of novels from your parlour windows, earnestly to recommend to you to consult your better informed parents and friends in the choice, and peruse only such as will neither destroy your relish for more solid reading, nor suffuse your cheek by the indelicacy of their pages.

You will find a sufficient fund of amusement in a very limited selection, and if a deficiency ever occur, and the moment should not be propitious to studies of a higher order, entertainment of an unexceptionable nature will be open to you in the productions of the best of our English poets, with which every young lady should be proud to be familiar.

Before I dismiss this subject, let me add, that if parents, instead of permitting a premature and unrestrained intercourse with novels, and thus assisting the formation of an early attachment to trifling reading in their children, were to place before them works of real merit, and with kindness persuade them to undertake their perusal, great evil, the mere result of their unpardonable inattention, would be avoided, wild and romantic notions in juvenile minds would be repressed, and that disrelish for serious study, so unhappily prevalent, would, in a great degree, subside.

Young persons would be less liable to be seduced into views of life so dissimilar from their actual prospects, and become better qualified for the discharge of their allotted duties in the world.

Those works of fiction composed with a view to promote the cause of morality, and to add to the stock of useful polite literature, instead of being confounded, as they now are, with the trifling ephemera that disgrace the shelves of every circulating library, would be more highly appreciated, and without requiring a neglect of the necessary employments of the female station, the duties of religion, or studies of a severer nature, would furnish a perpetual fund of pleasure and amusement, producing profit to the mind and polish to the manners.

I have alluded to the poets, and I would repeat my recommendation of them, but not unaccompanied by a qualification, leading to the exercise of great care in selecting the chastest and the best; for the novelists with whose hasty and idle effusions our presses teem, have met with ample competition for literary notice, in the hosts of male and female versifiers, who have fancied themselves inspired by the muses, when in fact only inspired by vanity and mistaken notions of their talents. Such were the ditty writers described in the Dunciad.

> "Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race
> Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass;
> Each songster, riddler, ev'ry nameless name,
> All crowd who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
> Some strain in rhyme; the muses, on their racks,
> Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks:
> Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
> Break Priscian's head and Pegasus's neck."

While a Milton, a Shakspeare, a Pope, a Cowper, a Hayley, of the one sex; a Carter, a Seward, a More, a Smith, of the other; and a numerous list of poets of the first class, can at any time be resorted to, that taste indeed must have become vitiated that can relish the puerile and weak attempts of the poetasters of the day.

I will not undertake to decide whether it be true or not, according to the Latin adage, that genuine poets are born poets; but that more failures are consequent upon the imbecile presumption of many in this than in almost any other walk of polite literature, will not I apprehend be denied; and certain it is that a considerable extent of knowledge, and talents of no ordinary kind in the exercise of prose composition, have been in many instances wholly insufficient to elevate its possessor to the rank of poet. To young ladies, whose genius is not evidently of a poetical cast, let me offer the advice and opinion of a late writer.

"I would not wish you to cultivate poetry further than to possess a relish for its beauties. Verses, if not excellent, are execrable. The mu-

ses live upon a mount, and there is no enjoying any of their favours, unless you can climb to the heights of Parnassus."

Having been led to these remarks on two kinds of reading, which form such prominent objects of attraction to the female mind, will my amiable hearers permit me to solicit their attention for a few moments to a very brief and cursory review, of some branches of learning, the elements of which are taught in this seminary. I say the elements;—for considering the various objects of study that a school presents, and the time allotted for their attainment, it cannot be expected that science can be here pursued through all its details by the youthful mind.

A solid foundation is here laid:

A commendable spirit of industry in the pupil, aided by the help of judicious friends, must hereafter complete the superstructure. READING with correct emphasis and agreeable cadences, is certainly a very pleasing qualification; and the specimens you have lately afforded us, my young friends, have exhibited a very satisfactory evidence of the capacity and faithfulness of your tutor, and of your dispositions to improve by his instructions. While care in avoiding an indistinct rapidity of utterance, and its contrary, a drawling monotonous manner is observed, your accent and pronunciation regulated by the proper standards, and due regard paid to your pauses and cadences, you will find your own pleasure in reading, and that of your friends in hearing you, much increased.

We expect to see still more anxiety manifested on the part of the pupils, for improvement in this delightful exercise.

The WRITING of a neat fair hand, adds greatly to the other accomplishments of ladies. It gives a grace to composition, and is generally considered a strong evidence of a polite education. To a reasonable extent it can be acquired by all, and our examination of your performances furnishes ground for believing that this seminary affords abundant means for that purpose.

The study of GRAMMAR as the precursor and handmaid of composition, is too obviously beneficial to need argument to induce your continued diligence in its pursuit. To render it however truly serviceable, you should carefully attend to the meaning and operation of its rules, and not only fix them carefully in your memories, but learn to apply them with judgment.

The art of COMPOSITION combines utility and ornament of the most valuable and embellishing kind in the structure of the female scholar. To be able on all the occasions of life in which it may become necessary, to assume your pen with a modest confidence, to embody your thoughts with ease and elegance, to rise above that awkwardness

and vulgarity of diction which disgrace the ill educated woman, to delight your distant friends with the beauty of your style, and the spriteliness of your periods, are assuredly objects calculated to arouse your ambition and stimulate your exertions, to become proficients in this charming employment.

You are here, we trust, acquiring a taste for fine writing that will lead to frequent future attempts. There is nothing wherein the benefit of continued practice is more fully experienced than in this. Epistolary communication with your absent friends, offers a large field for the amendment of your style. Without too laboured an attention to the construction of your sentences, yet with a moderate regard to correctness and purity of language, this species of writing will enable you to exhibit all the vivacity of your fancies, all the sensibility of your hearts.

There are many fine models of letter-writing to which your literary friends can assist you in recurring, but the admirable essays and letters to be found in the Spectator, Tatler, Rambler, Adventurer, and other classical works of a like kind, will supply the best examples of a style which you may safely imitate.

A knowledge of GEOGRAPHY is a creditable acquisition for a lady. It furnishes a vast body of interesting and amusing information, contributes to a better understanding of historical events, and renders more intelligible the accounts we are constantly receiving of many of the important transactions that are from time to time occurring in the world.

It forms a proper accompaniment to the study of HISTORY: a branch of learning equally entertaining and instructive.

This, is well as BIOGRAPHY, is a source of the highest moral improvement. It enlarges our knowledge of men and things, "teaches us to infer from what has happened what may happen again," and affords us incontrovertible evidence of the justice of the ways of Providence in educing "from partial evil universal good."

The body of well-written history now extant is so extensive, that an almost inexhaustible fund of information is presented by it to the inquisitive mind. Your individual enjoyment of its estimable treasures will of course be regulated by your opportunities for its pursuit; but an acquaintance with the history of your own country, and of that from which we derive our origin, is within the reach and should be aspired after by every young lady.

ARITHMETIC, or the art of computation, will prove an acquisition of practical advantage, whatever may be your future station in society. If your fortune should not raise you above the necessity of personal exertions for your own support, you will find great benefit from a know-

ledge of figures; and if you should be elevated above such a necessity it will protect you from imposition, and enable you with more ease and accuracy to regulate your pecuniary affairs.

Among the other exhibitions of your talents and acquirements, we have been much delighted, my young friends, by the specimens you have given us of your practical acquaintance with SACRED MUSIC.

Although a regular course of scientific instruction in the theoretical principles of music, does not constitute a part of the system of education adopted in this academy, yet the occasional lessons and opportunities for practice here afforded you, will, we hope, incite you to the further improvement of a taste for Psalmody.

There is certainly no more honourable motive for the cultivation of music, than that of its employment in the praises of the MOST HIGH.

"When thus applied," a classical writer observes, "it raises noble ideas in the mind of the hearer, and fills it with great conceptions. It strengthens devotion, and advances praise and rapture, lengthens out every act of worship, and produces more lasting and permanent impressions on the mind than those which accompany any transient form of words, that are uttered in the ordinary method of religious worship."

I would add to this encomium, young ladies, that it assimilates your gratifications here to those of the harmonious beings in another state, described by Milton, who incessantly raise

> "The sacred sound and waken raptures high,
> No one exempt—no voice but well may join
> Melodious part; such concord is in heav'n."

YOUNG LADIES,

In all the departments of study I have enumerated, your recent examination has evidenced in some great proficiency, and in others a progress fully proportioned to their years and opportunities.

It is our wish to encourage you to new endeavours, to profit by the kindness of your parents and guardians, who here afford you such sufficient means of instruction, and by the judicious and laborious application of those means to your several capacities, by the able and attentive preceptor whom they have assigned you.

The best return you can make both to the former and the latter, is diligence in the prosecution of your studies, and an undeviating observance of the regulations of the seminary in which you are placed.

To you, young ladies, on whom the honours of this institution are about to be conferred, permit us to say, that the proofs you have given us of your attainments are gratifying to *our* feelings, and honourable to

you. We hope the taste for learning you have here imbibed, will not be eradicated by the closing of your studies and exercises in this place; but that it will continue and increase. The correct sentiments and laudable industry which you have manifested, during the period of your tuition, gives us an assurance that you will endeavour in future amid all your other employments and amusements to find intervals of leisure for the further prosecution of literary research.

By so doing you will open to yourselves new and exhaustless sources of gratification and delight. In the fruition of health and plenty, the pleasures of literature will give them a real zest. In the distresses of sickness or poverty, should they ever unfortunately assail you, next to the consolations of religion, these pleasures will often most effectually tend to your mental relief. May you be preserved from such evils, and abound in all the felicity attainable in this life, preparatory to greater in the realms above.

To the respectable audience who have attended the exercises of this evening, and the full examination which took place last week, whether they be interested as the near relatives and friends of the pupils, or favour us with their company from a love of literature, and a desire of witnessing the abilities which the emulation and industry of the pupils have enabled them to display, we trust that nothing has occurred to change their favourable opinion of the utility and beauty of Female Education.

The subject is calculated to excite a high degree of interest in every philanthropic breast, and merits a better discussion than it has now received. If I have erred in too readily yielding to the unexpected and flattering request of the respectable gentlemen with whom I am associated in the superintendence of this seminary, I rely on their and your feelings for supplying every deficiency; congratulating myself if I may in the smallest degree, aid my brethren in increasing the number of the patrons of female improvement and in encouraging the blooming candidates for literary reputation whose studies we have recently examined, to a spirit of enterprize and emulation in the pursuit of knowledge, an unerring regard to moral rectitude, and a distaste for every thing that has a tendency to destroy their love of profitable reading, the purity of their principles or the amiableness of their dispositions.

TRAVELS——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE,

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LXV.

THERE is nothing in the ancient church of St. Medard that would be thought deserving the attention of a stranger; there are no Corinthian columns, no pictures by eminent masters, no superb altar-piece, nor any dome suspended as it were by magic, in the air; it is a simple and old-fashioned place of worship recommended only by its intrinsic sanctity, and by the memory of the Abbe Paris: you will have seen an account of this celebrated Abbe in Voltaire's Age of Louis XIV, of the miracles that were operated at his tomb, and of the measures taken by the government to put an end to the confluence of people there from all parts of the kingdom: as the sacristan was absent, his wife accompanied me about the church, and I soon perceived, that she was a firm believer in the Abbe. The world, she said, was become sadly incredulous, and except a sick lady from Lyons, I was the only stranger who for several months, had visited their church, and yet who could doubt the powerful intercession of the Abbe in Heaven, for, laying aside the numbers of miraculous cures performed in the last century, was not his influence apparent in the preservation of their church, not the slightest ornament of which had been carried away or injured during the whole of the revolution? She wished me also to take notice by climbing up into a window, that though we were now in the dead of winter, the tomb of the Abbe was green with vegetation, and assured me, that if I returned at another hour, her husband would find means to get access for me within the enclosure that is still walled up, and that I might procure some of the earth from about the grave, or a piece of the tombstone in case of sickness in my family hereafter. There are some subjects upon which the reason that Providence has given us, must embolden us to reject all human testimony: the firm persuasion of the witness, and even of the person who has been miraculously operated upon, are to no purpose; it is still more probable that they are both deluded by appearances, or misled by their own prejudices and passions, than that the Almighty should have suspended the laws of nature: if human testimony were to prevail, there would be no end of miracles. Racine, the most polished scholar, and one of the most amiable and upright men of the age, and Paschal, a genius of still su-

perior order, were both firmly persuaded of the truth of the miraculous cure which took place at Port Royal, and I have seen two thick volumes of those performed at the tomb of the Abbe; they were published by a Mr. Carre de Montgeron, a counsellor of the Parliament of Paris, who was converted from infidelity by what he saw with his own eyes: he had been a man of very irregular life, and tells us in the preface how his attention was first awakened to the spiritual dangers of his situation; he had disguised himself in a female dress, and was on his way towards a convent, where he was to be introduced by a lady, who had lent her assistance to the plot, and was already flattering his imagination with an idea of the opportunities he should have of pursuing his projects against a young person, who had fled for shelter there from his pursuits, when the horses took fright, the carriage was broken to pieces, and he and his companions very narrowly escaped with their lives. But to return to the subject of miraculous cures, I have no doubt, in many instances, either of the veracity of the persons' relating, nor of the cure performed, but I doubt the intervention of Providence; and yet I confess myself at a loss how to explain the difficulty. Hope and fear, and all the forms which the human imagination can be made to take, are powerful agents in the hands of skilful men; they are frequently also applied unconsciously by man himself to his own use; but there are cases in which this solution would be of no avail; the tractors of Perkins have been applied, and with great success (in cases where there was no room for, no possibility of imagition) to infants, to persons asleep, and to brutes; nor can our reason take shelter in any hypothesis connected with electricity, for the same cures have been performed by fictitious tractors made of wood, or of slate, as by those which were from the manufactory of Perkins himself: leaving, therefore, the miracles performed at St. Medard, and at Port Royal, to be attributed to the imagination of the patient, or the effect of that deep impression of supernatural truth, which is denominated faith, we must still allow, that there are cures in which we are to look for another agent. To occupy the attention of a person very strongly will generally cure him of the hiccough, and sometimes of the toothach, and a salutary crisis in some acute cures has been produced, it is said, by the simple application of the hand, as by a vital principle which emanates from one body to another; but this again would lead to animal magnetism, which has contributed so much to bewilder some men, and has been made such an instrument for sordid purposes by others, that the secret of nature of which there was a glimpse, is now lost sight of, and perhaps forever. It was my good fortune one evening not very long ago to sit next to a person whom I soon found to be a believer in all the wonders of animal magnetism,

and who offered, if I would call upon him for the purpose, to give me any information I might desire in addition to the little I had been able to learn in the Encyclopedia. I was satisfied, however, with the conversation of the evening, during which I heard a person of some distinction in the literary world talk of that will, which operates from us upon the objects around, which adds force, real bodily force, to our efforts, and of that improvement in some of our senses, that increase even of our knowledge, which we receive in sleep; surely the account of miracles performed at the tomb of the Abbe Paris, is not so ridiculous: but it is time we should leave the ancient church of St. Medard, and go to the Royal garden of plants down to which the Rue Neuve d'Orleans will lead you. This garden affords an agreeable walk, and one who could have the advantage of frequenting it regularly for some months in company with a man of science, might, in the most pleasing manner, become acquainted with all the varieties of the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral reign. I have never, since my curiosity was first gratified, derived much satisfaction from seeing rare animals; they are frequently ugly, (what for instance can be more so than a camel?) and have always an air of melancholy, or convey that idea at least, and however ferocious their nature may be, we can not but pity their long and useless captivity. It is otherwise with plants, they are agreeable objects in themselves, and, without being at all acquainted with Botany, I was glad to have this opportunity of seeing several sorts, the fruits of which have been converted by the real or imaginary wants of Europe, into necessaries of life. At the lower extremity of the garden is the river over which there has been lately erected an iron bridge; to wander hence to the building, which serves as a Museum, at the other extremity, must in Summer be delightful; the rarest plants are removed out of the hot-houses, and placed to advantage, and a sort of tribute seems paid by nature to the Parisian from all the quarters of the earth, as he takes his evening walk; an artificial eminence too has been contrived on one side, where a winding road, and some rocky irregularities, and a growth of pines, in all the apparent irregularity of nature, form an agreeable contrast, with the formality of the garden. The Museum is a building of no grandeur externally; but the contents of three long and spacious rooms within, would reward the curiosity of a traveller, who had come even further than from America. The specimens and seed of every species of fruit and grain, the whole family of terrestrial animals, placed so as to represent life, from the elephant, the cameleopard, and the elk, to the beautifully-formed antelope-deer, who, made for speed, and yet with spreading antlers in case of necessity for defence, is not larger than a rat: and the whole race of birds, from the Ostrich to the humbird, with

the almost endless catalogue of reptiles, and of insects, in all their various and successive changes, are ranged along in order, as if ready for embarkation in Noah's Ark. The inhabitants of the water too, of the great rivers in the South, and of the sea, from the hippopotamus to the flying-fish, and down to the lowest orders of being, may be here passed in review, and one may trace a lengthy chain of animated nature along its various links of connexion, from man downwards, which would seem to prove, that we are all of one family. There are many parts of the great chain to whose relationship I have no objection, they are like very distant cousins, who know nothing about us, and who give us no trouble; but there is something very disagreeable and very mortifying in the appearance of those who come immediately after us. A person skilled in mineralogy and chymistry might pass many days successively to very good purpose in one of these spacious rooms; he might there examine at his leisure the various sorts of primitive earth combined with substances, of which they take the name, and which are useful either in medicine, or the arts; and he might see specimens of every kind of stone, from such as must be nearly coeval with creation, to those of a subsequent period, comprehending every species of limestone, from the finest marble down to common chalk, and portions of pudding-stone, either from some rude mass, which has astonished the traveller on a mountain top, or with the shape and colouring of the beautiful Scotch pebble: he would find samples also of every kind of volcanic production; of basalts, which are supposed to be the effect of submarine ejections; of lava, which is composed of the same materials as the basalt, but the produce of an eruption when the volcano was no longer covered by the sea; of pumice stone; and of some crystalized substances which are found near Ætna and Vesuvius. I had before seen a variety of crystals; they form an object of profit to the inhabitants of Chamounie, but I had no idea of their ever being found of a size which admitted of their being worked into vases and chandeliers, of which there are some specimens in the Museum; together with these, are those productions of the earth of a nearly similar nature, to which the common consent of mankind has for time immemorial attached an idea of great value, under the name of precious stones. The diamond is generally placed first upon the splendid list; but I here learned that it is of a nature totally different from the rest, that it is not the effect of a crystalization, which takes place in the earth, or in some undisturbed corner of a rock, in a long succession of ages, but a combustible substance or concretion of charcoal. How this concretion takes place, or what it means in fact, I am very far from pretending to understand, but I believe it on the assertions of the learned, supported by experiments, which have been repeatedly made: upon a diamond's being

submitted to the action of heat, it was found to emit by combustion the same species of gas, that is emitted by charcoal, and it is known by some late experiments to have, in common with that substance, the property of converting iron into steel. It is singular that Sir Isaac Newton, should upwards of one hundred years ago, have surmised, in this and in other instances, what has since appeared to be the process of nature. But this great man must have possessed faculties very far removed indeed from the utmost to which the human mind had ever before attained, or has since reached; and was, I believe, as Hume has so well expressed it, the greatest and rarest genius that ever arose for the ornament, and instruction of mankind. Specimens are also to be seen here of iron, tin, copper, and lead, such as they offer themselves to view, in that sort of disguise, of which human industry soon strips them; and of gold and silver ore, as they slumber in the mine; and there is a most comprehensive collection of fossils. By the term fossil you are to understand such of the animal and vegetable creation as are found buried in the earth; of these some are petrified, and others remain in their natural state, but it is a circumstance common to both, that they are scarcely ever found in places, to which, according to what we know of the present order of nature, they can have originally belonged. The bones of the elephant, of the rhinoceros, and of the mammoth, which seem to have ennobled the Natural History of America, and of other creatures of nearly equal size, to which no names have been applied, are found scattered over deserts, which these animals were never known to inhabit, or intermixed in the most inexplicable manner, with the various sorts of marine fossils; it would seem as if these had been exposed to some great catastrophe, which the rest of the terrestrial creation had escaped, or perhaps their bones being of a more solid texture, have been able to resist those causes of destruction, which have obliterated every appearance of weaker animals, who may have existed at the same time, and whose remains could not from their situation, be preserved as those of fish have been, from every external injury, and from the effects of the atmosphere. I mentioned to you in a former letter, and when this subject was first presented to my mind, that no remains of man, notwithstanding the most diligent researches, had been ever seen, and I find that such is still the case; not a single stone, which appears to have passed through human hands, not a brick, nothing in short, in the least connected with the antediluvian existence of man, has ever been discovered: and yet I cannot but believe, that creation in all its parts was a single act of the Almighty, and that the chain of existence has been always perfect: insects we find existed, by their impressions left in quarries of stone, and trees and plants, we are sure did, for some of

these last are of sorts which it would seem required cultivation: they are frequently found so deep in the bowels of the earth, and so transformed into other substances, yet with enough of their original appearance to ascertain their identity, and so remote from the soil and climate proper to their growth, that they must have been operated upon by the same great cause, which was so fatal to other parts of creation, which converted the ocean into dry land, and overwhelmed such portions of the globe as were habitable with the waters of the sea: those parts were perhaps not without human inhabitants, and the time may come, either soon, or when century after century shall have rolled away, that the sea by some great convulsion of nature may again change its level, and human fossils be found in abundance, as those of marine and vegetable origin are now. Whatever may have been, or may hereafter be the case, we shall never know; but I do not think it possible for the busiest, the gayest, or the most ambitious man in Paris to enter this part of the Museum, without being led into a train of serious ideas on this subject; if I was extremely gratified at the sight of the single fish taken from a quarry which I had seen in Mr. de Luc's Cabinet at Geneva, you may conceive my surprise and satisfaction at finding myself in the midst of numbers of these animals in the most perfect preservation; some of them belong to species which are known to exist at present, though generally in distant seas, and others are unknown: the greater part are from a quarry near Verona, where fish of all sizes and in great numbers, are still found in a soft calcareous rock, which is below the extinguished volcano of —— Bolca; the immediate cause which destroyed the myriads of —— Bolca must always be a mystery, but it seems to have taken place at one instant of time, as if the wand of a magician had been waved over them, or the same electric shock had pervaded a whole region, and all its inhabitants: that their motions have been arrested by death without any previous pain or sense of danger, is evident from there being no marks of contortion or struggle in any of them; some, which have been split through the middle, have the undigested remains of the species they preyed upon still visible in the stomach, others are followed by smaller individuals, who were either their offspring or accustomed to prey upon their offal, and there are some instances of others again which were engaged in battle, when death put an end to the contest; one voracious animal of the eel tribe had already a third of his antagonist down his throat, when the terrible shock took place, which has kept his jaws distended ever since. There are also the head of a crocodile, and of an alligator, I believe, and several sorts of turtle and tortoises: I ought to inform you by the way, that the shells of a particular sort of this last animal, are the objects now

known to have been during ages mistaken for human heads; while the tibia of the elephant was denominated the thigh bone of a giant; and people blessed themselves, that the race of these monstrous brethren of ours was extinct. The remains of the vegetable creation do not at the first view captivate our attention so forcibly, but the useful transformation which has taken place in substances that were originally trees, and plants, and the manner in which Providence has, if I may use the expression, condescended to make man amends for the ruin of former times, is interesting indeed: nothing less than an abundant growth over the whole of what is now ocean, could have furnished the immense masses of fossil wood, which are known to exist for leagues together sometimes near the surface of the earth, and sometimes full many a foot below, and under various forms: trunks of trees are frequently found in quarries of peat; how they have resisted the causes of decomposition which have operated upon the rest of the mass is inconceivable; but it is apparent that they once floated at the mercy of the waves, for they are stripped of all appearance of branches and of roots, and have orifices which can only have been made by the smaller shell fish, or by the worm which is so destructive to ships in warm climates: a substance adherent to trees in their fossil state is frequently found upon the shores of the Baltic, in particular, and sometimes at the depth of one hundred feet under ground; this is what we call amber; it appears to have been formerly nearly liquid; some naturalists have supposed, that it was once honey, and to have in that state given access to the little animals, that are now found incased in it; they are frequently in such perfect preservation that their species may be immediately recognised, and some of them also serve as witnesses of the great change of place, which vegetables as well as the large terrestrial and marine animals have been exposed to; for as similar insects exist only in the warmer latitudes, they must have floated thence with the tree which furnished the substance they preyed upon, and into which they had incautiously ventured themselves. That wood has been converted into iron-stone, I have no difficulty in believing, from the samples I saw here, and there is a mine of iron ore in Russia, I find, which is made up in great measure of leaves, branches, and roots of trees, the particular species of which may be still ascertained. Had the same mass been left exposed to the action of humidity, for a course of ages, it might have become peat; in Africa, beneath the burning sands, it would probably have been converted into flint-stones, and there are situations in which, according to the opinion of some Naturalists, nature being aided in its operation by the salts of the sea, and other marine productions, it would have become coal. But I have said enough of the garden of plants, and of the Museum and

Cabinet of Natural History, as it is called in French; if I said more, I might wander still further out of my depth than I find myself already; for my knowledge on these subjects is, I am sorry to confess it, extremely superficial. We will now return homewards by the Rue St. Victor, and passing the place Maubert, famous for the rude loquacity of the sellers of vegetables, enter the Island of the Cité by the bridge, which is opposite to that which takes its name from the ancient Cathedral, that we must next visit.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE LATE MAJOR GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE.

Fashioned much to honour from his cradle,
He was a soldier, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to those that lov'd him not;
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
Heard ye him talk of Commonwealths,
You'd say it had been all in all his study;
List his discourse of war, and you would hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music.

* * * * * * *

Now to his ashes honour!—Peace be with him!
And choirs of angels sing him to his rest.

SHAKSPEARE.

GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE occupies a conspicuous station among the heroes and patriots of the American Revolution. That eventful epoch was calculated to call into exertion the talents and virtues of our citizens, and the page of history can offer to our view, no country in the maturity of its age, with which the infancy of our own may not be proudly compared. Never has a war been conducted with such purity of intention, such integrity of principle, as the one which separated the United States from the British Empire; and while these principles remain with us, while America continues true to herself, resting on the favour of that Providence which led her through the dangerous ordeal, she may confidently bid defiance to the arts, and to the arms of the old world.

Edwin sc.

GEN.L ANTH.Y WAYNE.

Anthony Wayne was born in the year 1745, in Chester County, in the State, then Colony, of Pennsylvania. His father, who was a respectable farmer, was many years a representative for the County of Chester in the General Assembly, before the revolution. His grandfather, who was distinguished for his attachment to the principles of liberty, bore a captain's commission under King William at the battle of the Boyne. Anthony Wayne succeeded his father as a representative for the County of Chester, in the year 1773; and from his first appearance in public life, distinguished himself as a firm and decided patriot. He opposed with much ability the unjust demands of the mother country, and in connexion with some gentlemen of distinguished talents, was of material service in preparing the way for the firm and decisive part which Pennsylvania took in the general contest.

In 1775 he was appointed to the command of a regiment, which his character enabled him to raise in a few weeks in his native county. In the same year he was detached under general Thompson into Canada. In the defeat which followed, in which general Thompson was made a prisoner, colonel Wayne, though wounded, displayed great gallantry and good conduct in collecting and bringing off, the scattered and broken bodies of troops.

In the campaign of 1776 he served under general Gates at Ticonderoga, and was highly esteemed by that officer for both his bravery and skill as an engineer. At the close of that campaign he was created a brigadier-general.

At the battle of Brandywine he behaved with his usual bravery, and for a long time opposed the progress of the enemy at Chad's Ford. In this action the inferiority of the Americans in numbers, discipline, and arms, gave them little chance of success; but the peculiar situation of the public mind was supposed to require a battle to be risked; the ground was bravely disputed, and the action was not considered as decisive. The spirits of the troops were preserved by a belief that the loss of the enemy had equalled their own. As it was the intention of the American commander in chief to hazard another action on the first favourable opportunity that should offer, general Wayne was detached with his division, to harass the enemy by every means in his power. The British troops were encamped at Tryduffin, and general Wayne was stationed about three miles in the rear of their left wing, near the Paoli tavern, and from the precautions he had taken, he considered himself secure; but about eleven o'clock, on the night of the 17th September, major general Gray, having driven in his pickets, suddenly attacked him with fixed bayonets. Wayne, unable to withstand the superior number of his assailants, was obliged to retreat; but formed again at a small distance, having lost about one hundred and fifty killed

and wounded. As blame was attached, by some of the officers of the army, to general Wayne, for allowing himself to be surprised in this manner, he demanded a court martial, which, after examining the necessary evidence declared that he had done every thing to be expected from an active, brave, and vigilant officer; and acquitted him with honour.

Shortly after was fought the battle of Germantown, in which he greatly signalized himself by his spirited manner of leading his men into action.

In all councils of war, general Wayne was distinguished for supporting the most energetic and decisive measures. In the one previous to the battle of Monmouth, he and general Cadwalader were the only officers decidedly in favour of attacking the British army. The American officers are said to have been influenced by the opinions of the Europeans. The Baron de Steuben, and generals Lee and Du Portail, whose military skill was in high estimation, had warmly opposed an engagement, as too hazardous. But general WASHINGTON, whose opinion was in favour of an engagement, made such dispositions as would be most likely to lead to it. In that action, so honourable to the American arms, general Wayne was conspicuous in the ardor of his attack. General WASHINGTON, in his letter to Congress, observes, "Were I to conclude my account of this day's transactions without expressing my obligations to the officers of the army in general, I should do injustice to their merit, and violence to my own feelings. They seemed to vie with each other in manifesting their zeal and bravery. The catalogue of those who distinguished themselves is too long to admit of particularizing individuals. I cannot, however, forbear mentioning brigadier-general Wayne, whose good conduct and bravery, throughout the whole action deserves particular commendation."

In July 1779, the American commander in chief having conceived a design of attacking the strong post of Stony Point, committed the charge of this enterprise to general Wayne. The garrison was composed of six hundred men, principally highlanders, commanded by lieutenant colonel Johnson. Stony Point is a considerable height, the base of which, on the one side, is washed by the Hudson river, and on the other is covered by a morass, over which there is but one crossing place. On the top of this hill was the fort; formidable batteries of heavy artillery were planted on it, in front of which, breast-works were advanced, and half way down, was a double row of abattis. The batteries commanded the beach and the crossing place of the morass. Several vessels of war were also in the river, whose guns commanded the foot of the hill. At noon, on the 15th of July, general Wayne marched from Sandy Beach and arrived at eight o'clock in the evening within a

mile and a half of the fort, where he made the necessary disposition for the assault. After reconnoitering the situation of the enemy, at half past eleven he led his troops with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets, and without firing a single gun, completely carried the fort and made the garrison amounting to five hundred and forty-three (the rest being killed) prisoners. In the attack, while at the head of Febiger's regiment, general Wayne received a wound in the head with a musket-ball, which, in the heat of the conflict, supposing mortal, and anxious to expire in the lap of glory, he called to his aids to carry him forward and let him die in the fort. The resistance on the part of the garrison was very spirited. Out of the forlorn hope of twenty men, commanded by lieutenant Gibbon, whose business it was to remove the abattis, seventeen were killed. For the brave, prudent and soldierlike conduct displayed in this achievement, the Congress presented to general Wayne a gold medal emblematic of the action.

In the campaign of 1781, in which Lord Cornwallis, and a British army were obliged to surrender prisoners of war, he bore a conspicuous part. His presence of mind never failed him in the most critical situations. Of this he gave an eminent example on the James River. Having been deceived by some false information, into a belief that the British army had passed the river, leaving but the rear guard behind, he hasted to attack the latter before it should also have effected its passage; but on pushing through a morass and wood, instead of the rear guard, he found the whole British army drawn up close to him. His situation did not admit of a moment's deliberation. Conceiving the boldest to be the safest measure, he immediately led his small detachment not exceeding eight hundred men, to the charge, and after a short, but very smart and close firing, in which he lost one hundred and eighteen of his men, he succeeded in bringing off the rest, under cover of the wood. Lord Cornwallis, suspecting the attack to be a feint, in order to draw him into an ambuscade, would not permit his troops to pursue.

The enemy having made considerable head in Georgia, Wayne was despatched by general WASHINGTON to take the command of the forces in that State, and after some sanguinary engagements, succeeded in establishing security and order. For his services in that State the legislature presented him with a valuable farm.

On the peace, which followed shortly after, he retired to private life; but in 1789 we find him a member of the Pennsylvania Convention, and one of those in favour of the present Federal Constitution of the United States.

In the year 1792 he was appointed to succeed general St. Clair, who had resigned the command of the army engaged against the Indians,

on our western frontier. He had to oppose an enemy of unceasing activity, abounding in stratagems, and flushed with recent victory. His troops were composed of new levies, who with difficulty could be brought to submit to the strictness of discipline, necessary to be preserved in order to counteract the arts of their wily foe. The service was considered as extremely dangerous, and the recruiting proceeded very slowly. Two gallant armies had been cut to pieces by these savages, who had destroyed with fire and the tomahawk, the advanced settlements of the whites. On his appointment, it was supposed by many, that the military ardor, for which he had ever been eminently distinguished would be very likely to lead him into action under unfavourable circumstances, when opposed by a foe, whose vigilance was unceasing, and whose rule it was, never to risk an action, without the greatest assurance of success. But the appointment had been made by the man, who of all others was the best judge of the requisite qualities of a commander. General Wayne had been selected for this important situation by President WASHINGTON, who entertained a distinguished regard for him; and the result showed his opinion as accurate in this, as in all other instances of his glorious life. Wayne formed an encampment at Pittsburgh, and such exemplary discipline was introduced among the new troops, that on their advance into the Indian country, they appeared like veterans. He wished to come to a general engagement with the enemy, but aware of the serious consequences that would follow a defeat, the movements of the army were conducted with consummate prudence. Parties were constantly in advance, and as well to guard against a surprize, which had been fatal to the officers who had preceded him, as to inure his troops to vigilance and toil, the station of every night was fortified. Provisions were difficult to procure, and a rapid advance into the enemy's country, must have been followed by as rapid a retreat. He, properly, conceived that the security of the country and the favourable termination of the war, depended more on maintaining the ground, in a slow advance, than by making a rapid incursion into their villages, which he might be obliged instantly to abandon. At this time, the Six Nations had shown a disposition to hostilities, which the care of the President was scarcely able to prevent. And on the south, it was with difficulty that the government of Georgia restrained the turbulence of its savage neighbours. In this situation, a retreat of the American troops, would probably have been attended with the most fatal consequences to the country.

The Indians had collected in great numbers, and it was necessary not only to rout them, but to occupy their country by a chain of posts, that should, for the future, check their predatory incursions. Pursuing this regular and systematic mode of advance, the autumn of 1793 found

general Wayne with his army at a post in the wilderness, called Greensville, about six miles in advance of Fort Jefferson, where he determined to encamp for the winter, in order to make the necessary arrangements for opening the campaign to effect early in the following spring. After fortifying his camp, he took possession of the ground on which the Americans had been defeated in 1791, which he fortified also, and called the work fort Recovery. This situation of the army, menacing the Indian villages, effectually prevented any attack on the white settlements. The impossibility of procuring the necessary supplies prevented the march of the troops till the summer. On the eighth of August, the army arrived at the junction of the rivers Au Glaize and Miami of the Lakes, where they erected works for the protection of the stores. About thirty miles from this place, the British had formed a post, in the vicinity of which the Indians had assembled their whole force. On the 15th, the army again advanced down the Miami, and on the 18th arrived at the Rapids. On the following day they erected some works, for the protection of the baggage. The situation of the enemy was reconnoitered, and they were found posted in a thick wood, in the rear of the British fort. On the 20th the army advanced to the attack. The Miami covered the right flank, and on the left were the mounted volunteers, commanded by general Todd. After marching about five miles, major Price, who led the advance, received so heavy a fire from the Indians, who were stationed behind trees, that he was compelled to fall back. The enemy had occupied a wood in front of the British fort, which, from the quantity of fallen timber, could not be entered by the horse. The legion was immediately ordered to advance with trailed arms, and rouse them from their covert; the cavalry under captain Campbell, were directed to pass between the Indians and the river, while the volunteers, led by general Scott, made a circuit to turn their flank. So rapid, however, was the charge of the legion, that before the rest of the army could get into action, the enemy were completely routed, and driven through the woods for more than two miles, and the troops halted within gun-shot of the British fort. All the Indians' houses and corn-fields were destroyed. In this decisive action, the whole loss of general Wayne's army, in killed and wounded, amounted only to one hundred and seven men. As hostilities continued on the part of the Indians, their whole country was laid waste, and forts established, which effectually prevented their return.

The success of this engagement destroyed the enemies' power; and in the following year general Wayne concluded a definitive treaty of peace with them.

A life of peril and of glory was terminated in the month of December, 1796. He had shielded his country from the murderous tomahawk of

the savage. He had established her boundaries. He had forced her enemies to sue for her protection. He beheld her triumphant, rich in arts, and potent in arms. What more could his patriotic spirit wish to see? He died in a hut in the wilderness, and lies buried on the shore of Lake Erie. The traveller may search almost in vain for his grave. No mausoleum points out the spot where he reposes. He who deserved a monument

aere perennius
Regalique situ pyramidum altius,

has not a humble stone to tell his countrymen, that beneath it lie whatever was mortal of a HERO and a PATRIOT.

POLITE LITERATURE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Honeywood's Poems.

THE author of the little volume before us, possessed a poetic genius, which, undoubtedly, would have gained him no mean fame, could he have devoted his time assiduously to its cultivation. But, in our country, men of powerful and brilliant talents, at an early age, are generally hurried into the vortex of business; and neglect the flowers of poesy, for the fruits of wealth and independence. We lament the untimely death of Mr. H. the following well-written account of whom, is introduced, by the editor, in his preface.

ST. JOHN HONEYWOOD was born at Leicester, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. His father was a respectable physician in that place. At the age of twelve years, our poet had the misfortune to lose his parents. An orphan, destitute of patrimony, he was greatly indebted to the generosity of individuals for the education he received.

At a Latin school, then of some celebrity at Lebanon, in the State of Connecticut, under the care of Mr. Tisdale, he was taught those rudiments of learning, which are a necessary preparation for an admission to Yale College. Soon after entering that seminary he became the distinguished favourite of the President, Dr. Stiles, into whose house, during his residence at New-Haven, he was received with parental kindness.

After completing his collegiate studies with great honour to himself, he quitted New-England, and went to reside at Schenectady, in the State of New-York, where he continued about two years, as preceptor in an academy. Thence he removed to Albany, and commenced the study of the law, in the office of Peter W. Yates, Esquire, with whom he pursued his legal studies for two years: at the expiration of which time, having been admitted to the bar, he went to Salem, in the county of Washington, where he practised in his profession for ten years with unblemished reputation. He was made a

master in Chancery, which office he resigned on being appointed, by the governor and council, clerk of the county.

He was chosen one of the electors of the president of the United States when Mr. Adams became the successor of Washington; on which occasion he composed the verses on the resignation of the latter.

His situation had now become comparatively opulent; and had his life been prolonged, he would have enjoyed an ample competence for one so disposed to retirement, and so moderate in his desire of wealth.

An hereditary gout, and a general debility, occasioned, probably, by a too sedentary life, were the ostensible causes of his early death. He died at his house in Salem, on the 1st of September, 1798, in the 34th year of his age, justly and universally regretted by his friends and numerous acquaintance. He married, about ten years before, the daughter of Colonel Mosely, of Westfield, in Massachusetts, but had no children.

The talents of Mr. Honeywood as a painter were not less than those he possessed as a poet. His favourite style was caricature, and he would have been no unsuccessful imitator of Hogarth. Many of his historical sketches display great felicity and judgment. His design and execution are the more to be admired, as he never received any instruction in the art, and had no opportunity to behold or study the works of a master.

He had all that eccentricity which is supposed to characterize strong genius. With a fund of genuine humour, and a lively and rapid conception, his great singularity of manners rendered him highly interesting to his friends and acquaintance, to whom his society was an unfailing source of amusement and instruction. His mind was stored with sound learning and various knowledge; and possessed of an excellent heart, the most acute sensibility, a high sense of honour, and incorruptible integrity, he was fitted to be the delight of his associates.

With feelings alive to every impression, and a fancy ardent and active, it is not surprising that he should have been sometimes absent, wayward and inconsistent, and even petulant and capricious. These occasional weaknesses of temper are too often allied to genius; they are of little account when weighed against the general merit of such a character as Mr. Honeywood.

The Editor ought, perhaps, to apologize for attempting to delineate the portrait of one of whom his knowledge is so limited; but he craves indulgence for the imperfect sketch he has given. It is hoped some friend, possessing more ample materials, may be induced to gratify the public with a particular account of a man of such singular genius and worth, and who merits a conspicuous place in the pages of *American Biography*.

Most of the poems in this collection, appear to have proceeded from the impulse of the moment, and, as may be expected, are of unequal merit. Some of those retained by the partiality of the editor, might have been omitted, without injury to the metrical reputation of the author; and probably would have been omitted, had the volume issued from the press under his own inspection. On the whole, however, they afforded us much pleasure in the perusal; and we are disposed to speak, in a strain of no languid eulogium, of Mr. Honeywood's powers as a poet. We present the lines On General WASHINGTON'S declining a re-election to the Presidency of the United States, as a favourable specimen of the author's merits.

As the rude Zemblian views, with anxious eyes,
The sun fast rolling from his wintry skies,

While gathering clouds the shaded vault deform,
And hollow winds announce th' impending storm,
His anguish'd soul recoils, with wild affright,
From the drear horrors of the tedious night:
Such fears alarm'd, such gloom o'ercast each mind,
When WASHINGTON his sacred trust resigned,
And open'd to his much-lov'd country's view
Th' instructive page which bade the long adieu:
So erst Nunnides, of prophetic tongue,
Prince, victor, seer, to Juda's list'ning throng,
Gave his last blessings: so, long ages since,
Mild Solon and the stern Laconian prince,
Those boasts of fame, their parting counsels gave,
When, worn with toils, they sought the peaceful grave.
Columbians, long preserve that peerless page,
Fraught with the counsels of your warrior-sage;
In all your archives be the gift enroll'd;
Suspend it to your walls, encas'd in gold;
Bid schools recite it; let the priestly train
Chant it on festal days, nor deem the task profane!
When round your knees your infant offspring throng,
To join the matin prayer or evening song,
Those rites perform'd, invite them to attend
The farewell counsels of their good old friend;
And say he left you, as his last bequest,
Those golden rules to make a nation blest.
O land thrice blest! if to thine interests wise,
Thy Senates learn this precious boon to prize,
While guilty Europe's blood-stain'd empires fall,
While heav'n, incens'd, lets loose th' infuriate Gaul,
Thy States, in phalanx firm, a sacred band,
Safe from the mighty wreck, unmov'd shall stand.
But if, may heaven avert that shameful day!
By base intrigues or factions led astray,
With servile fondness for some foreign state,
We court their quarrels and espouse their hate,
Thenceforth farewell to dignity and fame,
For independence dwindles to a name.
Would those who counsel kings these truths attend;
Romantic wish! for kings have ne'er a friend;
But were these rules on royal minds impress'd,
Monarchs might reign, and subjects would be bless'd;
Dantons and Robespierres had died unknown,
And the mild Capet still had grac'd a throne.
Behold the man, ye crown'd and ermin'd train!
And learn from him the royal art to reign.
No guards surround him or his walks infest,
No cuirass meanly shields his noble breast;
His the defence which despots ne'er can find,
The love, the prayers, the interests of mankind.
Ask ye what spoils his far-fam'd arms have won?
What cities sack'd, what hapless realms undone?
Though Monmouth's field supports no vulgar fame,
Though captur'd York shall long preserve his name,
Where brave Cornwallis, in a glorious hour,
Doffed his proud helm, and own'd the victor's power;
I quote not these—a nobler scene behold,
Wide cultur'd fields fast ripening into gold:

There, as his toil the cheerful peasant plies,
New marts are opening and new spires arise:
Here Commerce smiles, and there *en groupe* are seen
The useful arts, and those of spritelier mien.
To cheer the whole, the Muses tune the lyre,
And Independence leads the white-rob'd choir.
Trophies like these, to vulgar chiefs unknown,
Were sought and priz'd by WASHINGTON alone.
From these with all his country's honours crown'd,
As sage in councils as in arms renown'd,
Great in this action as in all the past,
Forever true, and faithful to the last,
He turns—and urges, as his last request,
Remote from power, his weary head to rest.
Illustrious man, adieu! yet, ere we part,
Forgive our factions, which have wrung thy heart;
Still with indulgent eyes thy country see,
Whose ceaseless prayers ascend the heavens for thee:
Go, midst the shades of tranquil Vernon stray;
In vain attempt to shun the piercing ray
Of circumambient glory—till refin'd
All that could clog to earth the heaven-lent mind,
Then rise triumphant to the blest abodes,
And join those chiefs whom Virtue rais'd to gods.
Ye who have fought in Freedom's sacred cause,
Who grace our senates and expound our laws!
Freemen, to whom your country's rights are dear,
Indulge the Muse, and lend a listening ear—
Say, if on you the rights of suffrage wait,
Whom hail we next as Father of the State?
To each has heaven peculiar gifts assigned,
And men, like stars, to certain spheres confined;
In paths eccentric few allow'd to stray,
Drawing a splendid train, and brightening all the way.
Saturnine souls, who think and act by rule,
Excel in grave debate and reasonings cool;
Impetuous minds, of more impassioned form,
"Ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm:"
Hence those in councils, these in arms excel,
But few indeed are those who govern well;
For in his breast, who sways the rod of State,
Must centre every gift supremely great;
And as the stars which guild the vault of night,
Unnumber'd, pour effulgence on the sight,
So chiefs and senators in crowds abound,
But rare as comets WASHINGTONS are found.
Is there a man, who thrice ten years well tried,
Who ne'er has crouch'd, or meanly chang'd his side?
Ardent and foremost in his country's cause,
The friend of order and of equal laws.
Who views with stern contempt a clamorous throng,
Strife in their heart, and freedom on their tongue;
A whiffling tribe, who, at their leader's nod,
Would sell their souls, their country, or their God:
Who, had they liv'd in Jove's impartial reign,
Had join'd the giants, and enthron'd a Paine!
Is there a man in whose capacious mind
A Murray, Locke, and Chatham live combin'd,

Who joins to all that men or books have taught,
The fire of genius and the force of thought?
Is there a man, who in these changeful days,
Unaw'd by censure, unallur'd by praise,
True to his aim, and obstinately good,
While factions rag'd, unmov'd as Atlas stood;
Whose ancient morals stoics might revere,
And Rome, reviv'd, behold her Censor here;
Such as ere Grecian spoils her temples grac'd,
And solid virtue sunk to Attick taste?
Should such a man preside, the land were blest—
Advert your eyes, and ADAMS stands confest.
Fir'd at the name, enraptur'd Fancy flies,
Old Time rolls back, and years long past arise,
To memory fresh unfolds a solemn scene;
Columbia's sires in high divan convene,
Of dread concerns commission'd to consult,
And chains or empire wait the grand result:
Full in the front I see the patriot stand,
All fire his eye, all energy his hand;
Such graceful majesty round Tully shone,
When Rome's proud master trembled on his throne:
"Ye guardian powers of eloquence divine,
"Prepare each soul to grasp the grand design!
"Inspire my tongue the glorious cause to plead,
"Impel each hand to sign the deathless deed."—
He ceas'd—Assent remurmur'd through the throng,
While INDEPENDENCE thunder'd from his tongue.

In The Selfish Man's prayer on the Prospect of War, our author has not unhappily displayed the feelings of

"A wretch concenter'd all in self."

The measure appears to be intended as a sneer at the pious metre of our New-England brethren.

Again the clouds of battle lower
With terror and dismay;
Protect me, all-disposing power,
In this disastrous day!

As in the camp the soldiers learn
To riot, curse and swear,
'Twould give my pious soul concern
To have my boys go there!

Then while my neighbours and their sons
Are call'd to war and arms,
Grant that my boys, secure from guns,
May cultivate my farms!

And while with taxes and expense
My kindred are distress'd,
O grant that all my hard-earn'd pence
May slumber in the chest!

And should the Frenchmen gain the day,
And all their foes condemn;
Then may I wash my hands, and say
I ne'er opposed them!

Yet, if by thy disposing *will*,
My country gains the cause,
O may I find a shelter still
In her indulgent laws!

And should she disbelieve my word,
May I upon thee call
To witness I ne'er drew my sword,
Or fir'd a gun at all.

For since from frailty and mistake
No carnal mind is free,
I wish no active part to take,
But leave the whole to thee!

Though impious pirates on the seas
Our merchants' ships despoil;
Yet shall my spirit rest in ease
Till foes invade the soil.

Then let the fiends of battle rave,
My peaceful vales shall sing;
And oxen, corn, and all I have,
Full thrice their value bring.

O may my lands yield twenty-fold,
The army to supply;
May fat contractors, fraught with gold,
My copious harvests buy!

May continental rags no more
Usurp the place of coin;
But crown my basket and my store
With blessings from the mine.

What though the fig-tree shall not bloom,
Or oxen seek the stall;
What though it be thy righteous doom
That half our youth shall fall:

Yet if thou wilt thy servant bless,
And my posterity,
I'll joy in my own righteousness,
To perpetuity.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE CHYMIC GLEANER—No. I.

"Serene philosophy,
Effusive source of evidence and truth!
Without thee, what were unenlighten'd man?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
Rough clad, devoid of every finer art
And elegance of life."—THOMSON.

WHILE the gay votarist of the sportive Muse delights the imaginations of your readers; while the more grave essayist improves their hearts and instructs their minds; while the scrutinizing analysis of the critic, who curiously scans both the lasting and ephemeral productions of the day, affords amusement to your learned, and the amatory strains of some modern Petrarch shall melt the hearts of your sensitive readers; while your page of anecdote and *bon mot*, promotes the smile of pleasure in some—and the more humorous tale excites the broader grin of pleasantry and mirth in others; while, in fact, each division of your miscellany is a tablet of amusement for the various tastes of your readers, let not the simple unvarnished tales of truth and demonstration, with which a traveller from the walks of Chymical Philosophy, greets ye, be told unheard!

The CHYMIC GLEANER approaches the emporium of your miscellany, in which is accumulated the various spoils of many a pilgrim from the walks of literature, not in the self-sufficient garb of a scientific chymist, but in the unaffected guise of an admirer of chymic science, and an enthusiast in its charms.

"There dwells in human minds, a strong desire,
When pleased, their pleasure to extend to those
Of kindred taste."

Impressed with this desire, he would invite the desultory reader, and the man of leisure, to a participation of the delights that await them in the cultivation of this science.

His wish is, to indite in the language of truth, devested of the veil of fiction which in ancient times obscured its charms, the many beautiful and surprising phenomena, that are so splendidly exhibited to the student of chymistry. He points to the gorgeous temple of this science, and invites each passing traveller to enter. He tells them that its very portal is illumined by the rays of fascination, and its entrance strewed with flowers. He discovers to them the charms that glisten in the remote apartments of this spacious dome, and tells them of the enjoy-

ments that will be heaped in gay profusion, on the guest of this beauteous mansion. He comes with a tale of verdure and fair weather, to invite your readers to the fields of Chymical Philosophy. These are extensive, variegated and enchanting. Checkered with the rich and abundant luxuriance of variety, they hold forth the most inviting aspect; and promise delight to every cultivator of the soil, or gleaner from their golden harvests. Every one can enjoy these charms: those familiar with the intricate windings of the walks, and the passing spectator who is unacquainted even with the entrance of the garden, may be equally charmed by the surrounding sweets. The sojourning stranger may regale his delighted senses with many a beauteous flower; for it is not necessary that he should have traversed the wide domain, in order to enjoy the fragrance that assails him from a neighbouring grove; nor is the vestibule of an edifice less attractive to the eye of a stranger, because the symmetrical regularity of its internal structure is invisible to his passing gaze.

We will therefore cull those flowrets which bloom equally for the visitor of the garden and the proprietor, and to whose grateful fragrance and beauty, the former is equally as sensitive as the latter. To drop the metaphor—Chymistry comprises many subjects that are understood as well by the tyro, as the proficient in the science; and it is the intention of the CHYMIC GLEANER, to select those themes that will afford entertainment and instruction to the former, while at the same time, they may prove not wholly uninteresting to the latter. He has said that the study of Chymistry is a fascinating one. That it is so, in an eminent degree, he feels no hesitation in declaring. Let the aspiring youth, eager in his thirst for knowledge, or the listless lounger of a reading-room, who devours the gilded nonsense that flows from modern novel-presses, to beguile the tedious roll of time, open the chymic page; we think it no unwarrantable assertion, that each will be fascinated by the charms it imparts, and both equally inspired with a thirst for further knowledge. The beverage is so delicious, its sweets so nectared, that one sip invites us to quaff the flowing goblet at a draught.

Previously to realizing the immediate object of this series of essays, it may not prove uninteresting, to take a cursory survey of the origin and revolutions of Chymistry. With the *history* of a science, the noviciate ought, if possible, to be as familiar as the adept.

During the dark ages, when ignorance, superstition, and credulity, held the reason and judgment of mankind in subjection, whatever soared beyond the degraded sphere of their conceptions, or that wore the semblance of mystery, was accounted for, by the ascription of a divine influence connected with it, and affecting all its operations. Chymistry

therefore, though at that time it comprised only a limited knowledge of a few preparations and processes confined to the workshops of mechanics, was supposed to have a divine origin. Thus much is all that can be learned with certainty, respecting the original commencement of this science. But, whether we ascertain the precise epocha of its origin, or not, is a matter so very inconsequent, that it is scarcely worth consideration. Indeed, whatever relates to those ages of ignorance, is so enveloped in superstition and folly, that it is impossible to devest it of these trammels, and discover the precise truth. To know the soil in which the seeds of this science were first sown, would, indeed, be a matter of some curiosity; but neither this circumstance, nor an acquaintance with the names of those who reared the first rude sproutings of the plant, would contribute any thing towards an elucidation of the science. These names, together with the persons they designated, are long since buried in oblivion; and, had they been handed to us by successive traditions, it is not unlikely that each varied tale would have lost a portion of its truth, and a vague history devoid of authentic information, would have been all that could have reached the present day.

Egypt was the nurse of Chymistry, and the Arabians were the first people who gave to it any degree of consequence; but their notions were so interwoven with alchymical absurdities, that the present beautiful science at that period, was little else than a collection of mysteries and pretended divine arcana, in which truth and fiction were so intimately combined, that it was impossible to separate the one from the other.

From Arabia, Chymistry was introduced into the west of Europe about the close of the eleventh century, by the crusading army of Peter the Hermit. The fanatics composing this army, whose object originally was, to wrest from the possession of infidels, the Holy Land, finding themselves disappointed in the accomplishment of their project, and allured by the prospect of promised wealth that would accrue from the possession of a substance having the power of converting the baser metals into gold, began assiduously to cultivate the study of Chymistry. After the defeat of this army, many of its members returned home, and commenced their operations for the discovery of the philosopher's stone. This effected the first introduction of Chymistry into Europe; but it was so tinged with the obnoxious mysteries of Arabian alchymy, that those who engaged in the study of this science, were sure to invite discredit and disgrace.

The obloquy that had been attached to the science of alchymy, in consequence of the gross impositions that were practised by the spurious alchymists, so happily satirized by Erasmus, still existed as late as the year 1650. This obloquy and disrepute, the mysterious operations

of these men, as well as the secret workings of the adept alchymists, were not calculated either to lessen or remove. Mysticism is ever obnoxious to the mass of mankind; and however it may affect the minds of the ignorant vulgar with a superstitious awe—the more enlightened will always view with a jealous eye, operations that are concealed by a veil of secrecy. Witness the opprobrium that has been attached in all ages, to the mystical proceedings of free-masonry, the fundamental principles of which are known to be charitable and beneficent. Even the pretended connexion of the arcana of alchymy, with divine inspiration, did not long serve to screen its professors from the jealousy and suspicion of rational people. They therefore now began to regard them as vain impostors, vaunting the pretended knowledge of secrets they did not possess, wholly absorbed in the sordid views of self-interest and gain, and as the nefarious dealers in mischief and imposition. Their absurd and hypothetical speculations, and their still more preposterous experiments, with a view to discover the philosopher's stone and the alkahest; their idle pursuits after the medicinal elixir, which was not only to cure all diseases, and to convert every lazar into a Hebe, but even to insure immortality with equal certainty to both, though they served for a time to amuse from their novelty, and perhaps to awe by their mysteriousness, the minds of the ignorant; yet were they impositions too outrageous upon the rationality of mankind, to maintain credence long, even in those ages of superstition and credulity. The trammels which a belief in the doctrines of these visionary madmen necessarily imposed on the understanding, were too weighty and awkwardly formed, not to inspire an effort to shake them off.

Alchymy however, had now reached its climacteric; the next change was consequently a revolution in its systems, and this revolution necessarily a reform. The death of Paracelsus, whose life and opinions completed the climax of disgrace that was attached to this science, was the commencement of a new epoch in chymistry, which retrieved it in part from the opprobrious degradation into which it had fallen.

On the ruins of the chimerical systems of Paracelsus and his contemporaries, there appeared another sect of philosophers, who called themselves "Adept Alchymists." Among them, were James Barner, Bohnius, Tachenius, Kunkel, Boyle, Crollius, Glaser, Glauber, Schroder, &c. These men disclaimed all connexion with the preceding followers of alchymy; and, though their theories and opinions were devested of many of the chimerical absurdities of the disciples of Paracelsus, the sun of truth had as yet but glimmered through the alchymic mists, in which for ages the science of chymistry had been enveloped. It remained for the corruscating flashes of a brighter luminary, to dispel completely, these clouds of ignorance and superstition. This lu-

minary soon appeared in the genius of Beccher. Like Venus in the starry firmament, who is distinguishable in brilliant conspicuousness amid myriads of scintillating planets, this enlightened man shone in the galaxy of his contemporary philosophers, with lustre unequalled.

Beccher achieved the first step towards the erection of the phœnix structure, that grew from the ashes of the alchymical system. View the present superb edifice: its splendid vestibule excites our admiration, but the enchantment which to a further glance is exhibited in perspective, arrests the attention of every passing traveller. When we survey its gorgeous magnificence, and reflect that this structure of chymic science owes its permanent foundation to the achievement of an individual, with what respect, I had almost said, adoration, do we not feel inspired, for his memory! Yes—the memory of Beccher shall bring forth the involuntary aspiration of respect and veneration, from every votary of science who becomes a sojourner in the temple he has erected.

Joachim Beccher, with more genius than falls to the lot of the generality of men, aided by an ardent zeal for the discovery of truth, completely revolutionized the science of chymistry. He discarded the erroneous and absurd doctrines of his predecessors, and collected the scattered rays of truth which emanated from them, into a focus. He concentrated the crude and unconnected facts of alchymy, and arranged them according to fixed principles. He gave to chymistry, which had hitherto been employed in idle and vain pursuits, a definite and a useful object; and in fact, he laid the corner-stone in the foundation of the magnificent structure, which now affords delight to every eye that views it.

About the latter end of the seventeenth century, chymistry began to be studied in France. The wars of Louis XIV, so inimical to the peaceful pursuits of literature, had hitherto afforded an obstacle to the cultivation of this science. When these national troubles were quieted however, and the man of letters was no longer in constant dread of being molested in his closet, by the clangour of arms or the agitations of war, this science attracted the attention of philosophers. A Lemery, a Homberg, and a Geoffroy then appeared, who adorned it by their genius, enlightened it by their discoveries, and diffused a taste for its charms, almost all over France.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, during the reign of Louis XV, Rouelle was almost the only distinguished chymist of that day; but there soon appeared other men of genius, whose discoveries add not a little lustre to the brilliance of chymic science.

How grateful is it to an enthusiastic votary of chymical philosophy, to compare the present resplendence of its zenith glory, with the chaotic mass of indigested facts that was found among the ruins of mystic

alchymy! While we contemplate however, the illustrious characters who shine in the galaxy of modern chymists, let us not forget the genius, the efforts of those, who pioneered them through the quicksands and labyrinths that surround the temple they now adorn. While a Priestley, a Cavendish, a Black, a de Morveau, a Lavoisier, a Berthollet, a Fourcroy, a Chaptal, and a Davy, together with the learned philosophers who composed the confederated company of Dutch chymists, receive the homage of every votary of science, let us venerate the memory of a Roger Bacon of the thirteenth, a Francis Bacon of the sixteenth, Father Kircher,* Coringius, Joachim Beecher and his illustrious commentator Stahl, a Bergman and a Scheele, of the beginning of the seventeenth centuries.

How gratifying to my feelings, how pleasing to every lover of Science and the Fair must it not prove, to find the long list of philosophers adorned by three bright ornaments, who have contributed no less to improve this science, than honour their sex. While with heart-felt pleasure I indite the page of chymic history, with the names of a Madam Dacier, a Mrs. M'Caully, and a Mrs. Fulhame, I look into the delightful book of anticipation for some American Fair, who shall successfully assert, ere long, the claims of her sex on this side of the Atlantic, to the laurels of science, which have already been worn by the fair philosophers of Europe. X. Y.

THE USEFUL ARTS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If the example of enterprise in other countries, has a tendency to awaken a similar spirit in our own, you will perhaps consider the following not unworthy a place in The Port Folio. W.

PONTCYSYLLTY AQUEDUCT, IN NORTH WALES.

THE aqueduct of Pontcysyllty is thrown across a deep valley, over the river Dee, being a continuation of the canal which opens a navigable communication between England and North Wales. It is supported by two large abutments and nineteen arches of cast iron, which span forty-five feet each; the aqueduct is also of cast iron, and in width fifteen feet. The pillars in the river are one hundred and thirty feet in

* A Jesuit.

height, the others vary from fifty feet to one hundred and upwards; their basis twenty feet by ten. The approach from Llangollen presents a most delightful scenery of hill and valley, terminated by these lofty pillars supporting their well-turned arches; the whole affords a view of beauty and grandeur, rarely excelled by nature or art.

This important enterprise was commenced in 1795, and completed in ten years. The proprietors have it in contemplation to extend a canal hence to Bala Lake, "the never-failing source of the Dee," which will open a communication with Llangollen, Bala, &c. and always insure a sufficient quantity of water for the canal. The following inscription, taken from the south pillar in the river, more fully explains the object of this grand work.

"The nobility and gentry of the adjacent counties, having united their efforts with the great commercial interest of this country, in creating an intercourse and union between England and North Wales, by a navigable communication of the three rivers,

SEVERN, DEE, AND MERSEY;

For the mutual benefit of agriculture and trade, caused the first stone of this Aqueduct of Pontcysyllty to be laid on the 25th July, 1795,

When Richard Myddleton of Chirk, Esq. M. P. one of the original patrons of the Ellesmere Canal was lord of this manor, and in the reign of our sovereign

GEO. III.

When the equity of the laws and the security of property, promoted the general welfare of the nation, while the arts and sciences flourished by his patronage, and the conduct of civil life was improved by

HIS EXAMPLE.

THE SCRIBBLER, NO. IV.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THERE are a great many wise sayings current on the worthlessness of wealth and power; or rather on their positive and universal tendency to injure the possessor, to deprave his morals and subvert his happiness. Judging from the invectives of the teachers of mankind, one would think that rank, office, and riches would be as sedulously avoided, by those who desire to be happy, as any other road to ruin. Yet no one seems to be the better for these admonitions. People tug at the oar as strenuously, they manage the helm as vigilantly as ever, of that bark, by which they expect to gain the haven of riches and power.

This would be less remarkable if wealth and power had any advocates. If the invectives of their enemies were counteracted, in any manner, by the eulogies or vindications of their friends. Every one endeavours to make himself rich, but is contented to do so in silence. He does not attempt to vindicate the wisdom of his choice, or to recommend his own pursuit as an example to others. I do not recollect, in all my reading, a single eulogy on riches: a single descant on the happiness of wearing a crown.

It is true, indeed, that if moralists rail, in general, against riches and greatness, they have an equal or greater, and, doubtless, a much more sincere abhorrence of poverty. Perhaps we may find an explanation of their conduct in both respects, in their actual circumstances. Those who have leisure or inclination to read or write, are generally unqualified to get rich. Those professions for which fancy, wit, erudition, and powers of general reasoning, qualify a man are, generally, far from being lucrative. Though not infamous, they are far from being honourable or dignified in the ordinary apprehensions of mankind. Those, therefore, who are distinguished by these shining, but unprofitable qualities, are generally liable to the pinchings of poverty, and seldom permitted, either by the caprice of fortune, or by their own labours, to be rich. Experience, therefore, makes them too well acquainted with the evils of poverty, while they are naturally prompted to depreciate what is unattainable. Their ingenuity is commendably exerted in reconciling themselves to wants which they cannot remove, they meditate on all the dark shades of the picture: they consider the vices or foibles of the rich or powerful, and as wealth and power make these defects conspicuous they are fond of describing them as necessarily produced by power and wealth. They inviegh against them, not as casual appendages, but as inseparable consequences. We are proud, overbearing, insolent, idle, sensual, un-

feeling, because we are powerful or rich. These are but the shadows of opulence and grandeur: money and office are seeds which inevitably sprout up into these baneful weeds, and virtue can no more be expected to grow from them, than a harvest of wheat from a plantation of nettles.

While these moralists disclaim any reverence for riches and power, however, they set a high value on health, peace, and *competence*. They are very eloquent in praise of *golden* mediocrity. There is a middle line between poverty and riches, which they are ambitious of attaining. This middle point, indeed, having a mere relative existence, cannot be defined, and no two persons would agree in their definitions of an *elegant sufficiency*, though they cordially concur, provided they have not, in their own opinion, attained it, in declaring that an elegant sufficiency would satisfy them. None but idiots, they imagine, would aspire to be very rich, to be noble, royal or imperial.

It is strange that while nothing is more common than an indefatigable pursuit of riches and power, nothing would strike us with more novelty, than a regular encomium on these objects of pursuit. A formal recommendation of some qualities or conditions; as health and good humour, matrimonial tenderness, or the possession of well-disposed children is rare, because it is superfluous. No one is insensible of these advantages: no one stands in need of proof or illustration to convince him how much they are desirable; but a eulogy on wealth or power, an earnest recommendation to pursue them, and a descant on the joys that follow in their train, would not only attract our curiosity as new, but startle our reason as absurd and paradoxical. The reader may be conscious of perpetual sighs, and an ever growing envy, excited by the splendour of his neighbour; he may regard the abuse of wealth in his neighbour; the misapplication of a large revenue, in selfish luxury or transient ostentation, with compassion or abhorrence, and frequently exclaim in secret—how differently would my larger benevolence, and purer taste employ all this money? The monuments of my taste should be durable, at least, my magnificence should gratify the ear and eye of others, with genuine harmony and legitimate beauty, and others should be gratified, without encroaching on my own selfish gratification. If I challenged the wonder or envy of observers, it should be by means of such luxuries or splendours as should afford a real gratification to their taste as well as my own. Even my sensual enjoyments should be such as others could partake of, and augment my own stock of pleasure, by their participation. While my principal delights should directly flow from the benefits which my wealth should shower upon others.

Such an aspirer as this would probably be startled by a grave and formal encomium upon power or wealth. He would feel surprize, even while conscious of an ardent desire for these objects; though his reason sanctify the wish by annexing to the acquisition, nothing but more signal and efficacious exertions of benevolence: nothing but the enlargement of those enjoyments, which, if they merely belong to the senses, are yet salutary to health, not unfriendly to morals, and of such a kind as survive even our own lives, and cannot be enjoyed exclusively by the possessor even while he lives.

Nothing is more evident, than that wealth may be employed to the lasting benefit of others: and that authority may be rendered equally or still more subservient to public happiness. One would, therefore, naturally conclude that wealth and power are good things, and, in a high degree desirable. If to do good be a source of happiness, the possession of such potent means of beneficence, must contribute to felicity. How can power or wealth be sources of misery to those who seek them with resolutions to employ them rightly, and consequently to enjoy them truly?

It is common to enlarge upon the temptations to hard-hearted indolence; wasting sensuality or selfish tyranny to which the possession of crowns and palaces expose us; but such declaimers merely pronounce their own condemnation. They inform us, indirectly, but distinctly, that they have no conception of the uses of office or money, but as instrumental to frivolous pomp, and lazy luxury, on one side, or oppression and injustice on the other. They certainly manifest their prudence in refusing a knife which they know they shall employ in cutting their own throats, or those of their neighbours, or which they erroneously imagine is unfitted to any other purpose; but surely those may laudably covet a tool, which, though capable of being turned against innocence and merit, may likewise be successfully wielded in their defence; which, though destructive in the grasp of malice and cruelty, is swift to rescue, and powerful to save in the hands of wisdom and beneficence.

We may say, indeed, that, if mankind be taken as we find them, power and wealth will be more likely to corrupt than improve the possessor, and be more liable to be abused by indolence and even incapacity, than rightly employed. That wisdom and benevolence which leads to the right use of wealth and power, may be said to be extremely rare, or of very difficult attainment.

The best use of wealth and power, or of any other advantage, is, indeed, a problem difficult to solve; but happily there are many intermediate degrees between the best and the worst. Nothing less than

omniscience can perceive the most beneficial mode of conduct, in any circumstances, but right intentions are always sufficient security for accomplishing some good. He that makes use of all the lights in his power, and whose purposes are tolerably pure, can never be very wide of the best path, and though he does not do as much, as would be done by the same means, guided by unerring wisdom, he cannot fail to do much. The true object of invective seems to be egregiously mistaken by such moralists: wealth and power ought not to be reviled or deprecated, any more than bodily vigour or dexterity, or intellectual acuteness, or knowledge. The latter, like the former, may be abused or misapplied; may be enlisted in the cause of wickedness, and be instrumental only to the misery of the possessor, and the ruin of his neighbours. Hence the necessity, not of dreading, or renouncing, for ourselves, or our friends, a healthful person, or a strong mind, but of pointing out the happiness and glory of exerting these qualities for beneficial purposes. Hence the necessity of showing the value of power and riches, by describing the extensive benefits to mankind, which will be produced by the honest or wise employment of them. The rich should be taught, not to lament or despise their situation, but to glory in the means of so much genuine happiness. Among sensual enjoyments, their pursuit should be directed to sources of keener and higher pleasure than dogs, horses, prostitutes, and turtle soups can afford. If their system must be easy and luxurious, they should be allured by the blandishments of eloquence, from the bottle and the stews, from billiards and champaigne, from the stable and the horse-course, to the higher luxuries of pictures and books, music and conversation. These are much nearer to the true objects of human activity, than many others, though there are many nearer still.

MY POCKET BOOK.—No. II.

Quicquid agunt homines nostri farrago libelli.

Heroism in low life.

Probably the annals of Greece and Rome cannot furnish a more extraordinary instance of heroism and disregard of death, than was displayed some years since, by two sailors, one a Turk, the other a Russian. The fact is recorded by Tooke, in his life of Catharine. In an engagement between the Russian and Turkish fleets, the Captain

Pacha's ship took fire, and was rapidly consuming. A Turkish sailor, zealous for the national honour, ran across the flames to save the flag. A Russian beholding him, leaped on board a boat, climbed into the vessel, seized the Turk and the flag, and bore off both in triumph on board his own vessel.

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State of Shoe-making in Hindostan.

Tennent, in his Indian Recreations, vol. 1, page 303, states that formerly in Hindostan, whoever wanted a pair of shoes, "had to pay the price in advance to the man who bought the animal whose hide was to furnish the material. So ill-conducted was the whole process, that in a few days he prepared the leather, and delivered the shoes."

—

Earthquake at Lisbon.

Among the frightful and odious views under which human nature has sometimes exhibited itself, I know of none more shocking than what occurred during the Earthquake at Lisbon, anno 1755. By the convulsion, the walls of some of the prisons were thrown down, and the wretches therein confined, were thus liberated from durance. Bands of them paraded the streets, with torches in their hands, setting fire to the city, and robbing and murdering the inhabitants, during the very awful period, while the earth was rocking under their feet, ready to swallow them up, and land them on those awful shores, "from whose bourne no traveller returns."

—

Horrible Refinement in Cruelty.

Perhaps cruelty was never exhibited under a more hideous form, than in the case of a wretch condemned to death for murder, by one of the Emperor's officers in 1525. He was obliged to collect together a heap of firewood, round a stake fixed in the ground. As soon as he had performed this task, he was fastened to the stake by a chain that extended a very small distance beyond the pile, which was then set on fire. Trying to escape the flames, he ran round the pile, and was thus literally roasted alive. See Ferriar's Illustrations of Sterne, page 235.

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Pride and Poverty.

There is now before me a curious card, circulated in New-York, by a perfumer, in that city. After a long detail of the various articles he has for sale, such as, perfumery, tooth-powder, artificial flowers, hair-work, &c. &c. he adds a notice which has a large index prefixed

to it—

"☞ Wigs and mounted combs to let day or night."

If this do not indicate the hateful association of beggarly pride and groveling poverty, I know nothing that can indicate it.

—

Industry miserably applied.

Mr. Peirsol, a respectable iron-merchant in this city, was sometime since robbed of a stove, which, as is not uncommon here, lay at his door at night. By a fortunate accident he discovered it, and detected the thief, who was committed to jail. On being examined, he confessed the fact, and gave an account of all his marches and counter-marches in the theft, and in disposing of the property. And it appeared that he had spent so much time in the felonious employment, that the net proceeds of the sale of the stove, which he had disposed of at a low rate, did not afford him more than at the rate of about five shillings per day, for the whole number of hours employed in the business, although at his regular profession he could have earned a dollar!

—

Voltaire.

Men of great talents seem to think that they possess a privilege of playing the fool with impunity, and of passing on the world the most extravagant assertions, which are to be implicitly received as so many oracular verities. In the writings of Voltaire there are numerous instances in support of this position. I shall at present only instance one. He very gravely informs the world that there were but two things passable among the Egyptians: one, that those who adored a bull, sought not to make those who adored an ape, change their religion; the other, that they discovered the art of hatching eggs in ovens. The wildest maniac ever confined in the cells of Bedlam could not hazard a much more absurd assertion than this. Many of the laws and customs of this nation display profound sagacity, and are worthy of imitation among the most civilized nations. I shall just glance at a few of their salutary laws, which will not suffer by comparison with those of any other ancient nation:

Every person in Egypt, the King as well as the lowest individual, was subject to trial after death. The inquest was conducted with great formality, and under the wisest rules. Every person who pleased might give testimony. If sufficient proofs of guilt appeared against the defunct, his corpse was debarred from burial, which was regarded as the greatest possible punishment, and an eternal disgrace. The dread of this posthumous condemnation operated as a most salutary and effectual check against the perpetration of crimes.

Among most ancient nations, particularly the Romans, the life of a slave was, O most horrible injustice! at the mercy of the master. And

the murder of a slave by any other person, was not considered a capital crime. Whereas in Egypt there was no distinction between the murder of a slave and that of a freeman.

He who refused or neglected, when in his power, to save a man's life from the dagger of an assassin, was liable to the same punishment as the assassin.

No man was allowed to be useless to the State.

Old age was held in as much reverence in Egypt as in any part of the world. The Spartans, observes Rollin, borrowed this just and wise custom from the Egyptians.

False accusers, as among the Hebrews, were subject to the same punishment as would have awaited the objects of their accusation, had they been found guilty.

The people were educated from their earliest age in the knowledge of the laws, and their observance was inculcated on them by every possible means.

It were an endless task to go into a full examination. Enough has been said to prove, that to pass a general censure upon these and various other excellent laws and customs, and to eulogize the nation for discovering the art of hatching eggs in ovens, is the quintessence of folly.

—

Biblical Note.

It is a remarkable fact, that there are in this city two Bibles, each of which wants a verse. The one is an old quarto, published in Edinburg, anno, 1728, which wants the 23d verse of the 29th chapter of Genesis. The other is a pocket Bible, published in London, anno 1698, by Charles Bell, which wants the 32d verse of the 10th chapter of Luke. The first is in the possession of Mr. D. Humphreys; the other belongs to the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie.

In the table of kindred and affinity annexed to the Scotch Bible, published anno 1795, by Mark and Charles Kerr, under royal patronage, is the following ludicrous prohibition—*a man may not marry his wife's mother's brother.*

—

Young's Love of Fame.

This beautiful poem has not had sufficient justice done to it. For strength of satire, and soundness of sentiment, I know no poem in the English language superior to it, and perhaps not many equal. I freely acknowledge, that for smoothness and melody, it cannot pretend to enter the lists with the Essay on Man. But divest the latter of its mere embellishments, and it will be found as far inferior in intrinsic worth, to the Love of Fame, as an elegant plated candlestick is inferior to virgin gold.

Has the mind of man ever conceived more excellent sentiments than the following, which are among hundreds of lines all deserving of being committed to memory:

"What though wit tickles, tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis painful, while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd. Good nature is ador'd.
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword—
And never on the weak; or you'll appear,
As there no hero, no great genius here.
As in smooth oil, the razor best is set,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set.
Their want of edge by their offence is seen:
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
The fame men give is for the joy they find:
Dull is the jester when the joke's unkind."

The following lines will by some be thought to furnish too sombre a picture of human life. But unfortunately it is too frequently realized.

"Not num'rous are our joys when life is new;
And yearly some are falling of the few:
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop apace. By nature some decay;
And some the blasts of fortune sweep away,
Till, naked quite of happiness, aloud
We call for death, and shelter in a shroud."

I have nowhere seen a more just satire than the following on the ridiculous pretensions made to sagacity and talents, by shallow men, who attempt to impose on the credulity of mankind by formality and solemnity of behaviour:

What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The body's wisdom, to conceal the mind.
A man of sense may artifice disdain;
As men of wealth may venture to go plain.
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a sot.
I find the fool when I behold the screen—
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen."

What an important lesson may Avarice find in these lines:

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer: for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness;
That happiness which great ones often see
With rage and wonder in a low degree,
Themselves unblest. The poor are only poor:
But what are they who pine amid their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state:
The happy only are the truly great."

Let Vanity take a glance at the following portrait, in which she will find her likeness admirably drawn:

"So weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of wo.
Thou, like the sun, all colours dost contain,
Varying, like rays of light on drops of rain:
For ev'ry fool finds reason to be proud,
Tho' hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd."

I should feel a sincere pleasure if I could be instrumental in inducing men of taste, capable of appreciating its merits, to peruse this admirable poem more generally. Candour, however, calls upon me to acknowledge, that there are in it a few blemishes, of phrases bordering on indelicacy. This is truly surprising when the chaste and correct character of Young is considered.

—

Impertinence chastised.

In a neighbouring city, a young man of a good family, but very arrogant and insolent, was one day with a large party fishing, and was very unsuccessful. A respectable citizen, a hatter by profession, was also fishing at the same time and place, and caught a large number of fish. The former went on board the boat of the latter, and with a very impertinent and revolting air asked to buy some. The hatter was disgusted at his hauteur, and peremptorily refused, in consequence of which he was grossly insulted. On his return home, the hatter sent a challenge to the offender, who refused to accept it, on the ground that it was beneath a man of his standing to meet a tradesman. He was therefore posted as a coward. To wipe away the disgrace, he took a cowskin and pistol to the shop of his adversary, with an intention to flog him. "You rascal," says he, "I am going to chastise you for your insolence, and if you dare resist, I shall blow your brains out." He was just proceeding to carry his threats into execution, when the hatter, who had received an intimation of his intention, drew a pistol from under his counter, let fly at the assailant, and sent the ball through the fleshy part of his neck, which produced such a stiffness of the part, as made his head recline quite awry upon his shoulder, and quite disfigured him all the days of his life.

—

The Art of sinking in the profound.

Poeta nascitur, non fit. That is to say, you cannot make a poet out of a barber's block.

I have before me a sublime poem, published a few years since in this city, from which I venture to make a few extracts for the gratifi-

cation of your readers, not doubting but they will agree with me, that they are as excellent in point of sentiment, as in sweetness and elegance.

Meditations on the tombs.

"Searching mortality's records I found,
That with me-mo-ri-als they did abound,
Of numbers, who pro-mis-cu-ous-ly here,
Had bid adieu to earthly joy and fear.
Huddled they were, and did together lie,
Of rank regardless, or se-ni-o-ri-ty.
Their former va-ri-an-ces all obey,
And to an am-i-ca-ble end give way.
Here those who, living, were at en-mi-ty,
By death are brought to live in u-ni-ty.
O fortunate pro-ba-ti-on, who were
Chosen without exercise of pain or care.
Affliction's arrows, with sore anguish barb'd,
Are for our choicest comforts often reserv'd.
Fi-de-li-o, once gay and gallant, rests,
And Death, his mistress, clasps him to her breasts.
One night Corinna, gay and spritely all,
Was richly dress-ed at a splendid ball.
The air we breathe's our bane. The food we eat
Contributes much our life to attenuate.
Since the possession of our earthly house,
Is so uncertain and pre-ca-ri-ous,
Nothing more certain, and which shall endure,
Than laws of Medes and Per-si-ans more sure.
To say that death could from such bliss arise,
A happy im-pro-pri-e-ty implies."

Lines like these have a peculiar advantage. A Christian may read them from left to right, a Hebrew from right to left, an inhabitant of Formosa from bottom to top, or a Japanese from top to bottom, and they will lose none of their sublimity or excellence. Q.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TURNBULL'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

ALLURED by the flattering commendations of the Monthly Reviewers; and by a strong desire to learn what effect an intercourse with Europeans had upon the Islanders of the Pacific Ocean, visited by captain Cook, I eagerly perused the volumes of Turnbull's Voyage. I confess my disappointment, both in the execution of the work, and the information I expected to derive from it: I do not, however, pretend that I read it without occasional pleasure and interest.

In the account given of Otaheite, the author is full and satisfactory; and so much of his relation as relates to king Tomahama, his military conquests, his civil improvements and extensive projects, deserves attention, and shows us indeed a savage chief of very uncommon talents and genius. The lamentable decrease of population, in the delightful Otaheite, from 200,000 at which it was estimated by captain Cook to about 5000 souls, in so few years, is shocking to humanity. But Mr. Turnbull's attempt to account for this terrible devastation by customs and modes of life, which always belonged to this people, is wholly unsatisfactory. The destruction of infants; the exposure to disease by sleeping in the open night air, and other circumstances mentioned by him, all existed prior to any intercourse with Europeans, and it is not to be presumed that they have been extended by that intercourse. The depopulation of this beautiful island must be traced principally to crimes and vices introduced by their acquaintance with the inhabitants of the civilized world, among which the destructive use of ardent spirits, and the fatal ravages of a disease before unknown to them, stand preeminent. The security of the savage life from the havoc of disease, is its simplicity in diet, and an abstinence from the indulgence of luxury and wealth; but when they have at their disposal, the means of gratifying the most dangerous appetites, unshackled by the restraints imposed in a state of civilization, their destruction is inevitable. How have nations dwindled and disappeared in our own country by these means?

When we read in the titlepage of this book, that it is to give us a voyage round the world, in a space of five years, we naturally and fairly expect much information upon many and various parts of the globe; and cannot but be disappointed to find that the circumnavigator spent almost half of his time at Botany Bay; and made very transient visits indeed to a few islands in the Pacific Ocean; remaining no considerable time at any of them, except Otaheite: of the settlement at Botany Bay he indeed gives a very minute account; not only as to its present situation, but also as to its probable prospects; pointing out the evils which retard its prosperity, and may, if not judiciously removed, ultimately defeat it. There is apparent good sense in his observations on this subject, and much philanthropy. Those readers who are concerned for this establishment, will find this part of the work interesting.

Mr. Turnbull shuts out the hope of the philosopher from his voyage, by declaring that his views in undertaking it were merely commercial: without this information nothing would have been more difficult than to have discovered what was his object in these five years of toil and danger. I should have supposed it to have been to salt pork at

Otaheite; which is the only thing like business, that we hear of, in the whole tour; but what was to be done with it, when collected and salted, remains a secret to this hour. After the wreck and loss of his ship, he seems to have continued, with unabating assiduity, to gather and salt down the hogs of Otaheite; and even to have made a dangerous excursion to a neighbouring island in pursuit of this darling object.

The American reader will be gratified with the following extract; speaking of the Sandwich islands, he says:

"The Americans carry on in particular a most active trade with these islands, supplying them with property, at a very easy rate, in exchange for provisions; and, unless I am much deceived, will do more than any others, to exalt them, to a singular degree of civilization. The reader will here pardon me for introducing this remark on American commerce; so far does it exceed all former efforts of former nations, that even the Dutch themselves sink under the comparison: scarcely is there a part of the world, scarcely an inlet in the most unknown seas, in which this commercial hive has not penetrated: the East Indies is open to them, and their flags are displayed in the seas of China: and it must be confessed, to their honour, that their success is well merited by their industry."

THE COLUMBIAD.

In the initial number of this Magazine, a very accomplished, and well-principled scholar, communicated to us a caustic criticism upon the Columbiad of Joel Barlow. In this acute analysis of a national work, the author was certainly more solicitous to detect the blemishes, than to indicate the beauties of the poem. In short, he evidently affected the sterner style of the Edinburg Review, and displayed much of its wit, and all of its severity. As we *knew* this criticism to be the production of a man of uncommon learning, talents, and genius, as we respect him as a gentleman, a scholar, and a moralist, and, as, in our *unbiassed* opinion, we think most of his strictures perfectly correct, we did not hesitate, no, not for a moment, to give the place of honour to his production. This has excited not a little clamour against the

Editor, who is again and again rebuked for his fancied prejudice against the Literature of his country. This is a very hackneyed topic of calumny, and the eternal jangling of this monotonous peal of old bells is a little wearisome, even to the leathern ears of an Editor, who, from the peculiarities of his profession, is obliged to listen to many an ungrateful sound. The Editor most certainly has no prejudices against Mr. Barlow, as a poet, and if at any time it were in his power, he would confer on him a benefit, rather than inflict an injury. Prior to the publication of this obnoxious criticism, and on many occasions since, at the table of several literary friends, the Editor has frankly spoken in commendation of many passages in the Columbiad, he has expressed a wish that certain of its beauties should be grouped, and with this wish he coupled no reluctant declaration that he would publish a more lenient, nay, a plausive critique, if any of Mr. Barlow's friends or admirers, competent to the task, would furnish the materials. The idea of deliberate hostility to this work, as an *American* production, is absurd; and we had imagined that a pretty long and laborious series of years, devoted to the encouragement and dissemination of native productions, was an abundant refutation of this obsolete, illiberal, and groundless opinion. The Port Folio most manifestly is, in all strictness, a Literary Journal, expressly intended to aggrandize the national character. It is nothing like a *party paper*, and is devoted to the views of no faction. We know Mr. Barlow only as a poet, and in that capacity he is amenable at the Bar of Criticism. He has *put himself upon the country;* and we shall certainly try him with the utmost impartiality. As a proof of the strict justice of our Court, we now publish the *pleadings* of his *counsel.* To drop the allusion; in the Monthly Magazine for December and January last, there is a very elaborate analysis of Mr. Barlow's book. This article of criticism is as memorabl efor its good nature, as that of our correspondent is for its severity. We copy it cheerfully; and as it is one of our favourite objects to foster literary discussion, we are glad to have an opportunity *to go*, as the lawyers say, *into the merits of the case.* The public, after hearing *both* critics, will be prepared to decide the question, and from that opinion there is no appeal.

Having thus in a spirit of no fictitious candour expressed our frank opinion, it now remains for the Editor to remind Mr. Barlow and his apologists, his followers and his friends, that

> All common exhibitions open lie,
> For praise or censure, to the public eye,
> This is a general tax which all must pay,
> From *those who scribble,* up to those who pray.

The right to criticize is as valid as the power to invent; and the Editor, with that independence which becomes him, and without which this Journal would be of little worth, will always publish *well-written* strictures upon literary productions, even if he provoke the malignity of Prejudice, the misrepresentations of Absurdity, or the resentment of authors. EDITOR.

(*From the London Monthly Magazine.*)

Some account of the COLUMBIAD, *a Poem in ten Books; by* JOEL BARLOW: *lately published at Philadelphia.*

EVERY nation that can boast of an epic poem of sufficient merit to become a classical work, has certainly a good cause for self-complacency. Such a work inspires an additional interest, when built on a national subject; when the author, who is destined to gratify his countrymen by soaring to this highest flight of human genius, can find among their own annals an action capable of supporting a strength of pinion equal to the task.

The subject of our great English epic is not national; neither is that of the Germans, the Messias of Klopstock. The most distinguished work of that kind among the Italians, the Jerusalem of Tasso, is but partly national, though wholly catholic, and sufficiently interesting for the age of religious chivalry in which he lived. The Portuguese Lusiad, the great poem of the Romans, and the greater of the Greeks, were all reared on patriotic ground.

I know not whether the French of the present day persist in claiming for their country the honour of an epic poem: the work that went by that name while its celebrated author lived to support it by the strength of his own character (I speak of the Henriade of Voltaire) was altogether national. To whatever cause the fact must be attributed, I believe it will not be denied that the French epic poem remains yet to be written.

Mr. Barlow has been particularly happy in respect to his subject. The discovery of America is in itself a great action; but its importance is infinitely augmented by the consequences resulting from the discovery. These consequences comprise by far the most interesting portion of modern history; and their interest is strongly concentrated in his country, it being that part of the new world which has first manifested its own importance, by giving birth to a great and civilized nation.

The settlement therefore of the British colonies, the wars and revolutions through which they rose to independent states, that vast frame of federative republican government on which they now stand, and which in the eyes of our enthusiastic bard is to extend itself over the whole of North America, and give an example to the world, composes the principal part of the active scenery of the poem. But other and far more extensive views of human affairs, drawn from other countries, and from ages past, present, and future, are likewise placed beneath our eye, and form no inconsiderable portion of this magnificent

work; magnificent it certainly is beyond any thing which modern literature has to boast, except the Paradise Lost of Milton.

I will first present your readers with a general plan or analysis of the poem, and then proceed to give such extracts from it as shall offer as fair a view of its character for imagery and style, as can be comprised in a small compass.

The author in his preface makes some pertinent remarks on the nature of the subject, and the difficulties it presented as to the best mode of treating it. "The Columbiad (says he) is a patriotic poem; the subject is national and historical; thus far it must be interesting to my countrymen. But most of the events were so recent, so important, and so well known, as to render them inflexible to the hand of fiction. The poem therefore could not with propriety be modelled after that regular epic form which the more splendid works of this kind have taken, and on which their success is supposed in a great measure to depend. The attempt would have been highly injudicious; it must have diminished and debased a series of actions, which were really great in themselves, and which could not be disfigured without losing their interest." So far I agree with the poet; who seems to understand the real value of the rules of his art, too well to think himself obliged in all cases to follow them.

He farther observes, "I shall enter into no discussion on the nature of the epopea, nor attempt to prove, by any latitude of reasoning, that I have written an epic poem." Neither will I enter into such a discussion; but I must apply to the present work the sentiment of Addison, with regard to Paradise Lost, If it is not an epic poem, it is something better.

Mr. Barlow has dealt freely with mythological and allegorical personages; several of whom take conspicuous parts in the conduct of affairs. Hesper, as the guardian genius of the Western Continent, is made to play a great role; the continent is called after his name, Hesperia; and from the part he acts, he must be considered at least the second character in the poem. He is introduced near the beginning, and continues to the end; and there is no personage but Columbus whose existence seems so incorporated with the body of the work. Atlas, the guardian of Africa, is the elder brother of Hesper, according to the account of this mythological family which the author gives us in a note. Atlas appears but once in the course of the action; and it is to present us with as sublime a set of images as we have ever met with in poetry, including in his speech a most awful denunciation of vengeance on the people of America for the slavery of the Africans. These two brothers, with several River-Gods, and the demons of War, Cruelty, Inquisition, Frost, Famine, and Pestilence, compose the celestial actors who take charge of the hyperphysical part of the machinery.

The human characters are mostly real and known, some few of them fictitious; they are I believe more numerous than those employed in any other poem, not excepting the Iliad; and they are as much varied as the subject requires.

I will now proceed in my dissection or decomposition of the work. After a proper exordium and invocation to Freedom, a personage which the poet takes for his Muse, and promises to invoke no other, the poem opens by presenting us Columbus in prison at Valladolid, uttering a pathetic monologue on the services he had performed for the Spanish monarch, and on the ungrateful and barbarous manner in which they had been rewarded. In this situation Hesper appears to the illustrious

prisoner, and announces himself as the genius of the western hemisphere, and guardian of that continent, which he says is called Hesperia, but for the future shall be Columbia; as Europe was named after its adventurous discoverer, the daughter of Agenor, who first sailed thither from Phœnicia.

The approach of Hesper is attended with the splendour and eclat suitable to the occasion; light bursts into the dungeon; the prison walls tremble and disappear; and after a short address to Columbus, announcing his quality, and the object of his visit (which is no less than to lay before him the immense importance of his labours in the long train of consequences, to show him what fame he is to acquire, and to recal to his broken spirit the great moral principle, that the knowledge of the good we do is the only reward that can satisfy a benevolent mind for the sacrifices that great actions require), he conducts the hero to the Mount of Vision, which is reared in mid-sky over the western coast of Europe. Here Spain with its dungeons, Europe with all its kingdoms, Alps and Pyrenees, sink far behind and beneath their feet; while the Atlantic Ocean spreads out before them, and the continents of America draw majestically into view. The rest of the first book is occupied in describing the great features of the twin continents of that hemisphere, south and north. It may now be said that the mountains and rivers of the new world have been better sung than those of the old. In describing the three great rivers, Maragnon, Lawrence, and Mississippi, on each of which I find fifty or sixty lines, there is a remarkable variety of scenery and sentiment, no recurrence to the same ideas, no confusion of character in their majestic streams. They are all animated, but their several portraits are kept as distinct as those of Achilles, Hector, and Ulysses; no part of any one of which would suit either of the others. Maragnon is presented in the act of overflowing his banks; after collecting from a vast range of continent the number of powerful rivers, who seem proud of becoming tributary to so great a fluvial sovereign, he thus continues his progress:

Who, swell'd with growing conquest, wheels abroad,
Drains every land, and gathers all his flood;
Then far from clime to clime majestic goes,
Enlarging, widening, deepening as he flows;
Like heaven's broad milky way he shines alone,
Spreads o'er the globe its equatorial zone,
Weighs the cleft continent, and pushes wide
Its balanced mountains from each crumbling side.
Sire Ocean hears his proud Maragnon roar,
Moves up his bed, and seeks in vain the shore,
Then surging strong, with high and hoary tide,
Whelms back the stream and checks his rolling pride.
The Stream ungovernable foams with ire,
Climbs, combs tempestuous, and attacks the Sire;
Earth feels the conflict o'er her bosom spread,
Her isles and uplands hide their wood-crown'd head;
League after league from land to water change,
From realm to realm the seaborn monsters range;
Vast midland heights but pierce the liquid plain,
Old Andes tremble for their proud domain;
Till the fresh flood regains his forceful sway,
Drives back his father Ocean lash'd with spray;
Whose ebbing waters lead the downward sweep,
And waves and trees and banks roll whirling to the deep."

The river St. Lawrence affords a noble opportunity for depicting the breaking up of winter in a northern latitude, and Mr. Barlow has made the most of it. The tremendous struggle of the ice-crusted gulf in the conflict between the legions of frost and the tides of ocean, exhibits an awful picture; and then the islands of ice accumulating into floating mountains as they drive out to sea, and move to southern latitudes, supplying thirsty ships with fresh water, or crushing and sinking them in the deep, show that the poetic images of nature had not been exhausted by preceding bards. Here he takes occasion to deplore the loss of an American officer, whose ship was supposed to have perished in the ice.

The Mississippi is described with circumstances more interesting, though not more majestic, than the other great rivers. As it runs through a vast and fertile country, and that the author's country, of which he takes many occasions to predict the future importance and felicity, he dwells much on these ideas in marking the great features of that river.

"Strong in his march, and charged with all the fates,
Of regions pregnant with a hundred states,
He holds in balance, ranged on either hand,
Two distant Oceans and their sundering land,
Commands and drains the interior tracts that lie
Outmeasuring Europe's total breadth of sky."

Mentioning the principal tributary streams that lose themselves in this river, he brings in with propriety the character of the Missouri, which having run a much longer journey than the Mississippi, and acquired twice his magnitude, joins him with reluctance, being by that junction defrauded of his name:

"But chief of all his family of floods
Missouri marches through his world of woods;
He scorns to mingle with the filial train,
Takes every course to reach alone the main.
Orient awhile his bending sweep he tries,
Now drains the southern, now the northern skies,
Searches and sunders far the world's vast frame,
Reluctant joins the sire, and takes at last his name."

Here I quit the first book; but to return to it again for some examples of the descriptive powers of the author, and to express my disapprobation of some things I consider as defects.

The second book opens with a view of the native tribes of America, followed by some questions on the diversity of men, and the first peopling of that quarter of the world. I am then forced to pass in review the affecting scenes of Spanish devastation in Mexico and Peru. This leads to the interesting episode of Capac and Oella, the founders of the Peruvian empire, and parents of the race of Incas. The story is concisely told, though copiously enriched with incidents. It runs through a thousand lines, and displays a variety of heroic action, savage manners, sublime scenery, and beautiful sentiment. It ends with the third book.

The fourth brings us back to Europe, and exhibits the state of society there, and its progress till the settlement of North America. That expansion of mind, and freedom of inquiry, accompanied with

ideas of honest industry, so necessary for the advancement of science and morals, which took place at that period, and which seemed to prepare the way for the great exhibition of human improvement, resulting from the British system of colonization, are represented, perhaps justly, as the immediate consequences of the geographical discoveries made by Columbus and his followers.

The poet has not forgotten that the religious persecutions of Europe were among the principal means of driving settlers to North America. These persecutions were concentrated and personified in the fiend Inquisition, who is pictured with all her attributes in a highly finished group, and with great strength of expression. The rise of the British maritime power is exhibited in its first great victory gained over the invincible armada of Spain. The view he then gives us of the great coloniarch, Walter Raleigh, conducting the first fleet of colonists to British America, is one of the most finished pictures we have ever seen. The exultation of Columbus on that occasion leads to some reflections on the spirit of liberty, which is represented as the foundation of morals, as well as of prosperity to a nation. Lord Delaware arrives with a reinforcement of emigrants. The moonlight scene as they enter the Chesapeake, the speech of the river-god Potomac, saluting his new masters, predicting their future greatness, and offering his own bank as the seat of their capital, are incidents arising out of this part of the subject, and are presented with that magnificence which serves to raise our expectations of the importance of what is to follow in the subsequent books.

The fifth, sixth, and seventh books, are chiefly occupied with war and revolution. The last of them terminates that memorable conflict with the mother country, which established the independence of the United States. On the planting of the British and French colonies, the energy of freedom which accompanied the former, compared with the feudal degradation attending the latter, are noticed with striking propriety.

The Indian wars which disturbed the early settlements are grouped in one general view. The French war is more detailed. Here the defeat of Braddock, the victory of Amherst, and the conquest of Canada by Wolfe, afford a greater variety of description. The subsequent peace is accompanied with an exhilarating view of colonial prosperity, and a great extension of territorial power, which prepares the reader for the wider scenes of havoc that are to follow in the war of independence. The action of this war is introduced with a pomp and dignity suitable to the grandeur of the object contended for. Darkness overspreads the continent. On the gradual return of light there is a view of Congress, and a notice of its leading members. The demon War strides over the ocean, leading on the English invasion. The general character of the war on the part of England, as the American poet chooses to represent it, is incendiary and barbarous. It begins with a wanton conflagration of towns, from Falmouth in the north, to Norfolk in the south. The battle of Bunker's-hill, the review of the American army, attended with many pathetic circumstances, the attack of Quebec, the death of Montgomery, the descent on New-York, and its conquest by the British, are well distributed and described. This terminates the fifth book.

The whole of this war being shown to Columbus in vision, appears but one continued action, occupying about one-fourth part of the poem; that is, from the middle of the fifth to the end of the seventh book. This action, though but one, is greatly variegated with incidents, afford-

ing many examples of genuine pathos, novel and magnificent description, and pertinent moral reflection.

The sixth book opens with the famous (unhappily too famous) scene of the prison ship. Here that rigorous mode of confinement, which the poet calls British cruelty to American prisoners, is described with energy, I trust with exaggeration. Then follows the no less famous affair of Trenton; where the little American army re-crosses the Delaware in the night, to surprise the British van. There is so much wild imagination in his management of this daring poetical exploit, that I scarcely know what to say of it, whether to praise or blame. The author seems here to have uncovered himself from the rules of criticism, on purpose to invite discussion. Happy will he be if he escapes the censure of more inflexible judges.

The approach of Burgoyne is brought forward with a pomp and splendour which indicate not only an important event, but a proud victory on the part of the author's country; and the battle of Saratoga, which follows this highly ornamented overture, and precedes the capture of the British army, is heightened in its interest and novelty by several peculiar circumstances, such as the part that the savages take in the contest, and the barbarous murder of Lucinda.

The seventh book brings on the alliance with France, the battle of Monmouth, the storming of Stony-Point, the siege and conquest of Charleston, the actions of Greene, terminated by the battle of Eutaw, the naval battle of Degrasse and Graves, siege of York, and capture of Cornwallis.

The eighth book begins with a hymn to Peace, followed by a eulogy on the heroes fallen in the war. The author then makes a solemn address to his surviving friends and countrymen, exhorting them to preserve in peace the liberty they have vindicated in war. The danger of losing it by inattention is illustrated in the rape of the golden fleece: one of the most beautiful and best applied illustrations that poetry has produced. Among other serious, and I think well-timed warnings, is that against the slavery of the Africans. In this connexion is introduced the speech of Atlas, alluded to in the former part of this article. These exhortations are followed by a change of scenery, which gives us a rapid glance of the progress of the arts in America; which, with a sketch of the characters of several American artists, philosophers, and poets, terminates the book.

The ninth and tenth books present us with a larger scope of human affairs, a more affecting contemplation of the moral tendencies of man than has hitherto been displayed. The ninth dwells on what is past, the tenth on what is future; and nothing can excel the grandeur of these views, or the philanthropy and benevolence of the sentiments which accompany them. To show that all things in the physical, as well as moral system of nature, are progressive and ever tending towards that perfection which would seem to satisfy the friend of human happiness, Columbus is gratified by Hesper with a fanciful view of all her works, from the birth of the universe, through the formation and history of human society, down to such a state of improvement as shall lead to universal civilization, and the political harmony of all nations.

Thus the poem is terminated by a train of expansive ideas and consoling reflections, calculated to sooth the troubled spirit of the hero in a manner more satisfactory than all that could have been done for him by kings and ministers, had they been just and generous.

This is what Mr. B. in the preface calls the poetical object, the fictitious design of the poem. Thus the design is one, it is simple, clear,

easy to be perceived, and is finally attained; the action is one, and as simple as the design, being, in fact, no more than what passes between the two principal personages, Columbus and Hesper; all the subordinate events, conducted by other actors, being represented in vision, recounted from history and fable, or predicted by the celestial personages. The time also, and the place are kept each within the limits of strict dramatic unity, as is noticed in the preface; the place not extending beyond the prison and the Mount of Vision; and the time not exceeding two days.

So far, therefore, as I am to judge by the technical requisites of epic song, the Columbiad must be ranked in that class of works; and so far as the real object and intrinsic character of the poem are to guide the decision, the reader indeed must form his own, but mine would assign it a high rank; indeed, in that class it would even incline me to pronounce, that only three poems ought to stand above it, the Iliad, Eneid, and Paradise Lost.

Having sketched the general outline of the piece, I must proceed with more detail in my examination, and offer some specimens of the composition. The monologue of Columbus in prison, with which the poem opens, has considerable pathos, and some good description, but I think it too long. It is always a delicate business for a hero to complain, it is not a heroic employment; and in no situation will he find it more difficult to keep up his dignity. I am sensible that this case is a singular one; he is alone, in a dungeon, at midnight, his spirits broken down by a long train of cruel calamities, injustice, and ingratitude. A variety of subjects must crowd upon his feelings, and his feelings demand utterance in a manner too strong to be resisted by a mind which, without ceasing to be great, must be enfeebled by suffering.

These circumstances furnish some apology. Indeed it requires one; and the merit of the lines, though great, would not be deemed a sufficient one for extending such a solo to seventy-four lines, and that at the beginning of the poem. Other critics on this passage may differ from me in opinion; and I hope they will, as this is the only instance I have noticed in this author of any want of judgment in proportioning the parts to each other, or to the whole.

The approach and appearance of Hesper are brilliant; the ascent to the Mount of Vision, Europe, setting from the sight the Western Ocean, and then the American Continent drawing into view, may be cited as specimens of the magnificent. Among the followers of Columbus, in the career of discovery, our countryman Drake is elegantly noticed.

> "But lo the Chief! bright Albion bids him rise,
> Speed in his pinions, ardour in his eyes!
> Hither, O Drake, display thy hastening sails,
> Widen ye passes, and awake ye gales,
> March thou before him, heaven-revolving Sun,
> Wind his long course, and teach him where to run;
> Earth's distant shores, in circling bands unite,
> Lands, learn your fame, and oceans, roll in light,
> Round all the watery globe his flag be hurl'd,
> A new Columbus to the astonish'd world."

The following dialogue and descriptions will serve to show the author's manner for scenes of this sort. It is from the third book, where a prince of the race of Incas, on a mission among the mountain savages, endeavours to convert them to the Peruvian religion, or the worship of the sun.

"Two toilsome days the virtuous Inca strove,
To social life their savage minds to move;
When the third morning glow'd serenely bright,
He led their elders to an eastern height;
The world unlimited beneath them lay,
And not a cloud obscured the rising day.
Vast Amazonia, starr'd with twinkling streams,
In azure drest, a heaven inverted seems;
Dim Paraguay extends the aching sight,
Xaraya glimmers like the moon of night,
Land, water, sky in blending borders play,
And smile and brighten to the lamp of day.
When thus the Prince: What majesty divine!
What robes of gold! what flames about him shine!
There walks the God! his starry sons on high
Draw their dim veil, and shrink behind the sky;
Earth with surrounding nature's born anew,
And men by millions greet the glorious view!
Who can behold his all-delighting soul
Give life and joy, and heaven and earth control,
Bid death and darkness from his presence move,
Who can behold, and not adore and love?
Those plains, immensely circling, feel his beams,
He greens the groves, he silvers gay the streams,
Swells the wild fruitage, gives the beast his food,
And mute creation hails the genial God.
But richer boons his righteous laws impart,
To aid the life, and mould the social heart,
His arts of peace through happy realms to spread,
And altars grace with sacraficial bread;
Such our distinguish'd lot, who own his sway,
Mild as his morning stars, and liberal as the day.
His unknown laws, the mountain chief replied,
May serve, perchance, your boasted race to guide;
And yon low plains, that drink his partial ray,
At his glad shrine their just devotions pay.
But we, nor fear his frown, nor trust his smile;
Vain, as our prayers, is every anxious toil;
Our beasts are buried in his whirls of snow,
Our cabins drifted to his slaves below.
Even now his placid looks thy hopes beguile,
He lures thy raptures with a morning smile;
But soon (for so those saffron robes proclaim)
His own black tempest shall obstruct his flame,
Storm, thunder, fire, against the mountains driven,
Rake deep their sulphur'd sides, disgorging here his heaven.
He spoke; they waited, till the fervid ray
High from the noontide shot the faithless day;
When lo, far gathering under eastern skies,
Solemn and slow, the dark red vapours rise;
Full clouds, convolving on the turbid air,
Move like an ocean to the watery war.
The host, securely raised, no dangers harm,
They sit unclouded, and o'erlook the storm;
While far beneath, the sky-borne waters ride,
Veil the dark deep, and sheet the mountain's side;
The lightning's glancing fires, in fury curl'd,
Bend their long forky foldings o'er the world;
Torrents and broken crags and floods of rain

From steep to steep roll down their force amain,
In dreadful cataracts; the bolts confound
The tumbling clouds, and rock the solid ground.
The blasts unburden'd take their upward course,
And o'er the mountain top resume their force.
Swift through the long white ridges from the north,
The rapid whirlwinds lead their terrors forth;
High walks the storm, the circling surges rise,
And wild gyrations wheel the hovering skies;
Vast hills of snow, in sweeping columns driven,
Deluge the air, and choke the void of heaven;
Floods burst their bounds, the rocks forget their place,
And the firm Andes tremble to their base."

The fiend Inquisition is thus introduced to our notice:

"Led by the dark Dominicans of Spain,
A newborn fury walks the wide domain,
Gaunt Inquisition; mark her giant stride,
Her blood-nursed vulture screaming at her side.
Her priestly train the tools of torment brings,
Racks, wheels and crosses, faggots, stakes, and strings;
Scaffolds and cages round her altar stand,
And, tipt with sulphur, waves her flaming brand.
Her imps of inquest round the Fiend advance,
Suspectors grave, and spies with eye askance,
Pretended heretics who worm the soul,
And sly confessors with their secret scroll,
Accusers hired, for each conviction paid,
Judges retain'd, and witnesses by trade.
Dragg'd from a thousand jails her victim trains,
Jews, Moors, and Christians, clank alike their chains,
Read their known sentence in her fiery eyes,
And breathe to heaven their unavailing cries;
Lash'd on the pile their writhing bodies turn,
And, veil'd in doubling smoke, begin to burn.
Where the flames open, lo! their limbs in vain
Reach out for help, distorted by the pain;
Till folded in the fires they disappear,
And not a sound invades the startled ear."

The following instance of minute description is occasioned by a view of Morgan's corps of riflemen in the American army, illustrated by the well-known story of William Tell.

"Morgan in front of his bold riflers towers,
His host of keen-eyed marksmen, skill'd to pour
Their slugs unerring from the twisted bore.
No sword, no bayonet, they learn to wield,
They gall the flank, they skirt the battling field,
Cull out the distant foe in full horse speed,
Couch the long tube, and eye the silver bead,
Turn as he turns, dismiss the whizzing lead,
And lodge the death-ball in his heedless head.
So toil'd the huntsman Tell. His quivering dart,
Prest by the bended bowstring, fears to part,
Dreads the tremendous task, to graze but shun
The tender temples of his infant son;

As the loved youth (the tyrant's victim led)
Bears the poised apple tottering on his head,
The sullen father, with reverted eye,
Now marks the satrap, now the bright hair'd boy;
His second shaft impatient lies, athirst
To mend the expected error of the first,
To pierce the monster, mid the insulted crowd,
And steep the pangs of nature in his blood.
Deep doubling tow'rd his breast, well poised and slow,
Curve the strain'd horns of his indignant bow;
His left arm straightens as the dexter bends,
And his nerved knuckle with the gripe distends;
Soft slides the reed back with the stiff-drawn strand,
Till the steel point has reacht his steady hand;
Then to his keen fixt eye the shank he brings,
'Twangs the loud cord, the feather'd arrow sings,
Picks off the pippin from the smiling boy,
And Uri's rocks resound with shouts of joy.
Soon by an equal dart the tyrant bleeds,
The cantons league, the work of fate proceeds;
Till Austria's titled hordes, with their own gore,
Fat the fair fields they lorded long before;
On Gothard's height while Freedom first unfurl'd
Her infant banner o'er the modern world."

Among all the naval victories that Britain has to boast, it is singular that we have no description of a naval battle in English poetry, nor is there such a thing among the moderns of any nation, so far as I am acquainted with their literature. We are therefore indebted to the American poet for the first poetical description of a combat of this sort, and that too on an occasion sufficiently rare, if not unique, in which the English did not gain the victory. It is the battle of Graves and Degrasse, in which the latter obtained, if not a victory, at least his object; which was to take possession of Chesapeak bay, and protect the operations of the siege of York, and the reduction of Cornwallis. The description I think equal to the occasion.

"Far on the wild expanse, where ocean lies,
And scorns all confines but incumbent skies,
Scorns to retain the imprinted paths of men
To guide their wanderings or direct their ken;
Where warring vagrants, raging as they go,
Ask of the stars their way to find the foe;
Columbus saw two hovering fleets advance,
And rival ensigns o'er their pinions dance.
Graves, on the north, with Albion's flag unfurl'd,
Waves proud defiance to the watery world;
Degrasse, from southern isles, conducts his train,
And shade with Gallic sheets the moving main.
"Now Morn, unconscious of the coming fray,
That soon shall storm the crystal cope of day,
Glows o'er the heavens, and with her orient breeze
Fans her fair face and curls the summer seas.
The swelling sails, as far as eye can sweep,
Look through the skies and awe the shadowy deep,
Lead their long-bending lines; and, ere they close,
To count, recognize, circumvent their foes,
Each hauls his wind, the weathergage to gain

And master all the movements of the plain;
Or bears before the breeze with loftier gait,
And, beam to beam, begins the work of fate.
" As when the warring winds, from each far pole,
Their adverse storms across the concave roll,
Thin fleecy vapours through the expansion run,
Veil the blue vault and tremble o'er the sun,
Till the dark folding wings together drive,
And ridged with fire and rocked with thunder, strive;
So, hazing thro the void, at first appear
White clouds of canvas floating on the air,
Then frown the broad black decks, the sails are stayed,
The gaping portholes cast a frightful shade,
Flames, triple tier'd, and tides of smoke, arise;
And fulminations rock the seas and skies.
" From van to rear the roaring deluge runs,
The storm disgorging from a thousand guns,
Each like a vast volcano spouting wide
His hissing hell-dogs o'er the shuddering tide,
Whirls high his chainshot, cleaves the mast and strows
The shiver'd fragments on the staggering foes;
Whose gunwale sides with iron globes are gored,
And a wild storm of splinters sweeps the board.
Husht are the winds of heaven; no more the gale
Breaks the red rolls of smoke nor flaps the sail.
A dark dead calm continuous cloaks the glare,
And holds the clouds of sulphur on the war,
Convolving o'er the space that yawns and shines,
With frequent flash, between the laboring lines.
Nor sun nor sea nor skyborn lightning gleams,
But flaming Phlegethon's asphaltic steams
Streak the long gaping gulf; where varying glow
Çarbonic curls above, blue flakes of fire below.
" Hither two hostile ships to contact run,
Both grappling, board to board, and gun to gun;
Each thro the adverse ports their contents pour,
Rake the low decks, the interior timbers bore,
Drive into chinks the illumined wads unseen,
Whose flames approach the unguarded magazine.
Above, with shrouds afoul and gunwales mann'd
Thick halberds clash; and, closing hand to hand,
The huddling troops, infuriate from despair,
Tug at the toils of death, and perish there;
Grenados, carcasses their fragments spread,
And pikes and pistols strow the decks with dead.
Now on the Gallic board the Britons rush,
The intrepid Gauls the rash adventurers crush:
And now, to vengeance stung, with frantic air,
Back on the British maindeck roll the war.
There swells the carnage; all the tar-beat floor
Is clogg'd with spattered brains and glued with gore;
And down the ship's black waist, fresh brooks of blood
Coursé o'er their clots and tinge the sable flood.
Till War, impatient of the lingering strife
That tires and slackens with the waste of life,
Opes with engulfing gape the astonish'd wave,
And whelms the combat whole, in one vast grave.
For now the imprisoned powder caught the flames,
And into atoms whirl'd the monstrous frames

Of both the entangled ships; the vortex wide
Roars like an Etna thro the belching tide,
And blazing into heaven, and bursting high,
Shells, carriages and guns obstruct the sky;
Cords, timbers, trunks of men the welkin sweep,
And fall on distant ships, or shower along the deep.
" The matcht armadas still the fight maintain,
But cautious, distant; lest the staggering main
Drive their whole lines afoul, and one dark day
Glut the proud ocean with too rich a prey.
At last, where scattering fires the cloud disclose,
Hulls heave in sight and blood the decks o'erflows;
Here from the field tost navies rise to view,
Drive back to vengeance and the roar renew,
There shatter'd ships commence their flight afar,
Tow'd thro the smoke, hard struggling from the war;
And some, half seen amid the gaping wave,
Plunge in the whirl they make, and gorge their grave."

The siege of York affords several examples of novel description, particularly the bombardment during the night, and the mining and blowing up of a citadel. There is not room for citations so copious as I could wish from the scenes of war. The subjects are so various, and many of them original, that I shall be able to convey but an imperfect idea of the work.

The following hymn to Peace forms the overture of the 8th book.

" Hail holy Peace, from thy sublime abode,
Mid circling saints that grace the throne of God.
Before his arm, around our embryon earth,
Stretch'd the dim void, and gave to nature birth,
Ere morning stars his glowing chambers hung,
Or songs of gladness woke an angel's tongue,
Viel'd in the splendors of his beamful mind,
In blest repose thy placid form reclined,
Lived in his life, his inward sapience caught,
And traced and toned his universe of thought.
Borne thro the expanse with his creating voice
Thy presence bade the unfolding worlds rejoice,
Led forth the systems on their bright career,
Shaped all their curves and fashion'd every sphere,
Spaced out their suns, and round each radiant goal,
Orb over orb, compell'd their train to roll,
Bade heaven's own harmony their force combine,
Taught all their host symphonious strains to join,
Gave to seraphic harps their sounding lays,
Their joys to angels, and to men their praise.
" From scenes of blood, these verdant shores that stain,
From numerous friends in recent battle slain,
From blazing towns that scorch the purple sky,
From houseless hordes, their smoking walls that fly,
From the black prison ships, those groaning graves,
From warring fleets that vex the gory waves,
From a storm'd world, long taught thy flight to mourn,
I rise, delightful Peace, and greet thy glad return."

In the 9th book the reader is struck with an awful solemnity mixt with abhorrence at the initiation to the mysteries of Isis, which the author considers as the origin of the several monstrous systems of religion which follow in the same description.

"Unfold, thou Memphian dungeon; there began
The lore of Mystery, the mask of man;
There Fraud with Science leagued, in early times,
Plann'd a resplendent course of holy crimes,
Stalk'd o'er the nations with gigantic pace,
With sacred symbols charm'd the cheated race,
Taught them new grades of ignorance to gain,
And punish truth with more than mortal pain,—
Unfold at last thy cope! that man may see
The mines of mischief he has drawn from thee.
—Wide gapes the porch with hieroglyphics hung,
And mimic zodiacs o'er its arches flung;
Close labyrinth'd here the feign'd Omniscient dwells,
Dupes from all nations seek the sacred cells;
Inquiring strangers, with astonish'd eyes,
Dive deep to read these subterranean skies,
To taste that holiness which faith bestows,
And fear promulgates thro its world of woes,
The bold Initiate takes his awful stand,
A thin pale taper trembling in his hand;
Thro hells of howling monsters lies the road,
To season souls and teach the ways of God.
"Down the crampt corridor, far sunk from day,
On hands and bended knees he gropes his way,
Swims roaring streams, thro dens of serpents crawls,
Descends deep wells, and clambers flaming walls;
Now thwart his lane a lake of sulphur gleams
With fiery waves, and suffocating steams;
He dares not shun the ford; for full in view
Fierce lions rush behind, and force him thro;
Long ladders heaved on end, with banded eyes
He mounts, and mounts, and seems to gain the skies;
Then backward falling, tranced with deadly fright,
Finds his own feet, and stands restored to light.
Here all dread sights of torture round him rise;
Lash'd on a wheel a whirling felon flies;
A wretch, with members chain'd and liver bare,
Writhes and disturbs the vulture feasting there;
One strains to roll his rock, recoiling still;
One, stretch'd recumbent o'er a limpid rill,
Burns with devouring thirst; his starting eyes,
Swell'd veins and frothy lips and piercing cries;
Accuse the faithless eddies, as they shrink
And keep him panting still, still bending o'er the brink,
"At last Elysium to his ravisht eyes
Spreads flowery fields, and opens golden skies,
Breathes Orphean music thro the dancing groves,
Trains the gay troops of Beauties, Graces, Loves,
Lures his delirious sense with sweet decoys,
Fine fancied foretaste of eternal joys,
Fastidious pomp or proud imperial state,—
Illusions all, that pass the Ivory Gate!
"Various and vast the fraudful drama grows,
Feign'd are the pleasures, as unfelt the woes;

Where sainted hierophants, with well-taught mimes,
Play'd first the role for all succeeding times;
Which, vamp'd and varied as the clime required,
More trist or splendid, open or retired,
Forms local creeds, with multifarious lore,
Creates the God, and bids the world adore.
" Lo at the lama's feet, as lord of all,
Age following age in dumb devotion fall;
The youthful God, mid suppliant kings enshrined,
Dispensing fate, and ruling half mankind,
Sits with contorted limbs, a silent slave,
An early victim of a secret grave;
His priests by myriads famish every clime
And sell salvation in the tones they chime.
" See India's Triad frame their blood-penn'd codes,
Old Ganges change his gardens for his gods,
Ask his own waves from their celestial hands,
And choke his channel with their sainted sands.
Mad with the mandates of their scriptured word,
And prompt to snatch from hell her dear dead lord,
The wife, still blooming, decks her sacred urns,
Mounts the gay pyre, and with his body burns.
" Shrined in his golden fane the Delphian stands,
Shakes distant thrones, and taxes unknown lands.
Kings, consuls, khans from earth's whole regions come,
Pour in their wealth, and then inquire their doom;
Furious and wild the priestess rends her veil,
Sucks, thro the sacred stool, the maddening gale,
Starts, reddens, foams, and screams, and mutters loud,
Like a fell fiend, her oracles of God.
The dark enigma, by the pontiff scroll'd
In broken phrase, and close in parchment roll'd,
From his proud pulpit to the suppliant hurl'd,
Shall rive an empire and distract the world.
" And where the mosque's dim arches bend on high,
Mecca's dead prophet mounts the mimic sky;
Pilgrims, imbanded strong for mutual aid,
Thro dangerous deserts that their faith has made,
Train their long caravans, and famish'd come
To kiss the shrine and trembling touch the tomb,
By fire and swords the shame fell faith extend,
And howl their homilies to earth's far end.
" Phenician altars reek with human gore,
Gods hiss from caverns, or in cages roar,
Nile pours from heaven a tutelary flood,
And gardens grow the vegetable god.
Two rival powers the magian faith inspire,
Primeval darkness and immortal fire;
Evil and good in these contending rise,
And each by turns the sovereign of the skies.
Sun, stars, and planets, round the earth behold
Their fanes of marble, and their shrines of gold;
The sea, the grove, the harvest, and the vine
Spring from their gods, and claim a birth divine;
While heroes, kings, and sages of their times,
Those gods on earth, are gods in happier climes;
Minos in judgment sits, and Jove in power,
And Odin's friends are feasted there with gore."

The doubts entertained by Columbus, with respect to the future progress, that Hesper assures him that mankind are to make in civilization and science, and his idea that society may again retrograde, so far that men may even lose their present geographical knowledge, and Europe in her turn, some thousand ages hence, will need to be discovered by American mariners, are expressed in a manner deeply affecting.

" And why not lapse again? Celestial Seer,
Forgive my doubts, and ah, remove my fear!
Man is my brother; strong I feel the ties,
From strong solicitude my doubts arise;
My heart, while opening with the boundless scope
That swells before him, and expands his hope,
Forebodes another fall; and tho at last
Thy world is planted, and with light o'ercast,
Tho two broad continents their beams combine
Round his whole globe to stream his day divine,
Perchance some folly, yet uncured may spread
A storm proportion'd to the lights they shed,
Veil both his continents, and leave again
Between them stretch'd the impermeable main;
All science buried, sails and cities lost,
Their lands uncultured, as their seas uncrost.
Till on thy coast, some thousand ages hence,
New pilots rise, bold enterprise commence,
Some new Columbus (happier let him be,
More wise, and great, and virtuous far than me)
Lanch on the wave, and tow'rd the rising day
Like a strong eaglet steer his untaught way,
Gird half the globe, and to his age unfold
A strange new world, the world we call the old.
From Finland's glade to Calpe's storm-beat head
He'll find some tribes of scattering wildmen spread;
But one vast wilderness will shade the soil,
No wreck of art, no sign of ancient toil
Tell where a city stood; nor leave one trace
Of all that honours now, and all that shames the race."

The exhilarating scenes of the 10th book can hardly be abridged so as to give an idea of the general impression that the whole would make upon the mind. I shall only give the opening of the book; and this shall close the list of citations.

" Hesper again his heavenly power display'd,
And shook the yielding canopy of shade.
Sudden the stars their trembling fires withdrew,
Returning splendors burst upon the view,
Floods of unfolding light the skies adorn
And more than midday glories grace the morn.
So shone the earth, as if the sideral train,
Broad as full suns, had sail'd the etherial plain;
When no distinguisht orb could strike the sight,
But one clear blaze of all surrounding light
O'erflow'd the vault of heaven. For now in view
Remoter climes, and future ages drew;
Whose deeds of happier fame, in long array,
Call'd into vision, fill the newborn day.

"Far as seraphic power could lift the eye,
Or earth, or ocean, bend the yielding sky,
Or circling suns awake the breathing gale,
Drake lead the way, or Cook extend the sail;
Where Behren sever'd, with adventurous prow,
Hesperia's headland from Tartaria's brow;
Where sage Vancouver's patient leads were hurl'd,
Where Diemen stretch'd his solitary world;
All lands, all seas that boast a present name,
And all that unborn time shall give to fame,
Around the pair in bright expansion rise,
And earth, in one vast level, bounds the skies."

If I had not extended my observations on the body of this work to an unusual length, I should feel that considerable attention was due to the preface and the notes. They abound in original matter, and cannot but excite the deepest reflection. In the preface, and likewise in a note on the 10th book, we find some very just remarks on the moral tendency, of several of the most famous poems, and on the general spirit in which history has been written. The preface takes notice, "that modern modes of fighting, as well as the instruments now used in war, are not yet rendered familiar in our language," though he contends that there is no good reason for our timidity or reserve in the use of such terms; that we are really richer than the ancients were in this respect, having better sounding names, and more variety in the instruments, works, stratagems, and other artifices in our war system than they had in theirs. Accordingly he has been free in the use of all these modern military terms, and we think the experiment has perfectly succeeded. I am convinced with him, that there is as much dignity and harmony in the words, gun, musket, bayonet, pistol, cannon, shell, mortar, platoon, brigade; as in spear, shield, helmet; greaves, bow, shaft, sling, cohort, and phalanx.

In his note on Mr. West, the painter, he asserts (with how much justice I will not determine), that this artist is the first who introduced modern costume, and rendered it familiar in historical painting. With equal, if not greater truth, it may now be said, that Mr. B. has introduced and familiarized modern military terms in heroic poetry. Whether he thought of emulating his countryman in this respect, I know not, but his design was equally bold; and it promises to be equally successful with that of the painter, which is said to have produced a revolution in the art.

The note in the 5th book on the British colonization exemplifies in a memorable manner the effect of habitual feelings of liberty. The free-born spirit that goes forth with the young colony becomes more conspicuous, aims at higher objects, and sustains a greater growth of national prosperity than it could do in the mother country, though as free as England. The contrast the author draws between our system and that of other modern nations, which have sent colonies abroad, does honour to his liberality, and is an equal tribute of respect to our country and his own. Indeed this is not the only instance in which the English nation is highly complimented in the work before me. I am happy to see it, because it is more than certain other writings of Mr. B. had taught me to expect.

In the 2nd book there is a note on the graphic art, occasioned by a view of the hieroglyphics of Mexico. It is the result of deep reflection, and leads to some uncommon conclusions with respect to the early

unstoried ages of human society. There are several other philosophical notes, which, for their original vein of thinking, and the very perspicuous and unaffected manner of holding up his thoughts to his readers, cannot fail of fixing their attention, if not their approbation.

Mr. B.'s prose style is remarkable for its harmony and eloquence. He has likewise attained a degree of purity, so far superior to any other of his countrymen, whose writings we have seen, that, were it not for the danger of giving offence to him, or them, I should perhaps ascribe it to his long residence in this country.

I intended, however, when I began this article, to notice a few oddities in his orthography and his neology. He is so sensible of having laid himself open to animadversion in this respect, that he has written a postscript to his notes in justification of the liberties he has taken with our language. But as he has explained himself fully on this subject, I will only add a word of regret at seeing a disposition in American writers for innovating so fast in our common national language, as must in a few generations more produce an irreconcilable dialect. Such a tendency is certainly to be deprecated; and I am sorry to find, that so great an example as Mr. B.'s writings must prove to his countrymen should have given countenance to these innovations.

ORIGINAL POETRY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LINES ON AN ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

The following lines, on an eruption of Mount Etna, are the composition of a boy, a native of Philadelphia, who is only *nine years and five months old.* They are not presented to the patrons of The Port Folio as a specimen of fine writing. To excellence like this, even the most partial of judges, will not pretend that they have any claim. When considered, however, as the production of a mere child, a playful school-boy, whom we would expect to find whipping his top, elevating his kite, or shooting his marbles, rather than clambering up the steeps of Parnassus; when, considered, as issuing from such an infantile source, we cannot doubt of their exciting a lively interest in the bosom of every liberal reader. The vigour and elevation of thought, the pregnancy of imagery, and the bold command of language they exhibit, hold forth a promise, which, if realized by future cultivation and industry, may yet add a star of no common lustre to the galaxy of American genius and literature.

It is not pretended that he following infantile effusion appears now *precisely* as it came from the pen, or rather tongue of its little author. On the other hand, it is true, that some degree of corrective aid was afforded. In the first five stanzas, however, this aid was so very trifling, that, were it not for the sake of giving a candid statement, it would not be worthy of being mentioned. It consisted merely in a few *verbal* alterations, without affecting, in the slightest degree, either the

ideas, or the *texture* of the verse. The credit of these, whatever it may be, belongs exclusively to the infant author.

In the second, third, and fourth stanzas no alteration whatever has been made. They appear now, in the precise words, in which they were originally dictated. In the first and fifth stanzas, *five* words have been altered, but the primary ideas are faithfully retained.

In the composition of the last stanza, which will be observed to exhibit more abstraction, and a greater condensation of thought, than either of the others, it must be acknowledged that the little votary of the Muses received assistance. It is due to him, however, to add, that its appearance in print along with the rest, meets his disapprobation. For he is of too proud and independent a spirit, and is actuated by too strict a sense of justice, to receive, much more to claim, credit for what is not his own.

As it is conceived, that the composition of this little poem is calculated to shed some light on the effect of physical circumstances on the human intellect, it is hoped that the following brief statement will not be unacceptable.

For a few days previously to composing it, the infant author had been affected with an inflammation of one of his eyes. For the removal of this he had been confined to a dark chamber, perfect rest had been enjoined, and a low diet prescribed. Thus debarred from two of his principal pleasures, the use of exercise, and the enjoyment of light, he concluded that it would be no additional restraint, to lie in bed, which he accordingly did. Under these privations, he amused himself and beguiled the time, by a recitation, almost incessant, of select passages from Shakspeare, Pope, Young, Thomson, Gray, and other British poets of high standing. In this state of perfect abstraction from all external objects, self collected, and fired by a vivid recollection of a rich variety of poetic imagery, his mind was the more highly impregnated, and the better prepared for the maiden effort it was about to make.

Most of the lines were composed with rapidity and ease. They appeared like the spontaneous ebullitions of a heated and an overflowing mind. As the little author was still under medical restrictions, he was unable to write them himself, and was, therefore, obliged to engage an amanuensis, to whom, with the exceptions already stated, he dictated precisely as follows:

When Etna's dreadful throat begins to roar,
The people fly, affrighted more and more;
The wasteful lava, burning as it goes,
Hurls dire destruction both on friends and foes.

Th' impetuous torrent nothing can withstand,
And shrieks and groans of victims fill the land;
Gates, houses, towers, and palaces give way,
And all that once was great, now melts away.

Thick smoke and flames, so dismal to be seen,
Like vivid lightnings quick and glaring gleam;
And burning flakes, like flaring meteors fly,
And glide like comets through the darkened sky.

The burning lava, from the mountain's sides,
Into the sea a fiery river glides,

It makes the deep to boil, and lash the shore,
And distant lands re-echo to the roar.

Neptune, the sovereign sea-compelling god,
Starts at the sound, and quits his green abode,
Finds the fierce elements embattled there,
And scarce can rule them in his sea-shell car.

Such are the dire effects of Etna's rage,
And such the wars her boiling lavas wage;
Forth bursts the stream, earth trembles with the throw,
Fires flash through air, and ocean heaves below.

T. L. C.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Lines on visiting the Exchange Coffeehouse in Boston.

HAIL to this pile! by struggling Genius rais'd,
By Patience crown'd, by pausing Wonder prais'd.
Here, public good in public beauty trace,
Where Roman grandeur blends with Grecian grace.
Lo the proud Dome, beneath whose ample bend
The column'd lines in classic taste ascend!*
Here, busy Commerce bolds her active reign,
Or social Feeling calls the lounging train,
While round, the Arts their varying beauties wind,
And studious Science pours her heavenly mind.

But, leading thence, what gayer scene unfolds!
What splendid charms the gazing eye beholds!
With golden hues where purple drapery blends,
Like some rich cloud as summer's sun descends,
There Music throws her quickening spirit round,
And bending arches† catch the joyous sound,
While circling mirrors filled with life appear,
And glittering arrows teach the danger near.
See bashful Beauty like a phantom glide,
Her fair form glancing forth from every side,
And as fond Love a whispering worship pays,
With sidelong glances mark his ardent gaze.

Descending thence, that smiling scene invites,
Where spreads the social board, and grace delights,
Where high refinement's polished radiance glows,
As the full tide of cheerful freedom flows,

* The Exchange Room, sixty by forty-three feet in dimensions, occupies the centre of the building, and is surrounded by five galleries, the two lower of which are supposted by Doric pillars, the third and fourth by pillars of the Ionic, and the fifth by those of the Corinthian order. Shops and offices of various kinds open on the lower galleries.

† The ceiling of the ball-room consists of three distinct and beautiful domes, which, far from injuring, greatly add to the effect of the music.

And kind Affection wakes her warmest fires,
As Beauty charms or sparkling Wit inspires;
Like the green walls, whose soft ungarish rays
Catch from the crimson shades a transient blaze.

THOU! by whose genius, mid a world of woes,
With firm *unaided* hand, this pile arose,
Unlike the herd, who every dear design
To each poor self with pigmy soul confine,
Thy mind expanding breathed a nobler prayer,
And public honour urged thy anxious care;
Let then that herd, who, striving to abuse,
Conspired in vain to thwart thy generous views,
With envious glance behold thy deeds of fame,
And with malignant lip asperse thy name,
Still shall that name mid breathing praise be found,
And those high deeds by patriot pride be crowned,
When all these worthless insects of a day,
Unknown, unhonoured, shall have passed away.

Oh happiest thou, though not a laurel thine,
For the blest myrtles round thy *Lares* shine;
There Grace and Beauty pour their tenderest tones,
With every charm, that blended Genius owns,
There lives thy pride, there all thy rapture lies,
And the world's homage were a poorer prize.

MANTO.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LOVER'S DREAM.

WHY, whispering breezes, why disturb my dream!
Ah! why thou prattling, softly-sounding stream,
With thy smooth, dying murmurs startle me?
Thou mindst me of those serenades so sweet,
At midnight still, our list'ning ears that greet,
Breaking sweet dreams, with sweetest melody!

Kind dream! methought with Emily I stray'd,
E'en now, a charming, loving, gentle maid.
O, for a never-ending sleep like this!
Why have I waked to feel her cold disdain—
Ah, me! the torturing passions come again,
Grim crew! and snatch my visionary bliss!

Methought we rov'd through flow'r-enwoven vales,
Fann'd by the wings of odour-breathing gales,
Forgetful of the world, and worldly care!
Her eyes looked love; from her mellifluous tongue
Such sweetness breath'd as if an Angel sung,
Or lovers dream, but angels only hear!

Alas! the breeze or stream the heavenly vision broke!
Would it were real! or I ne'er had woke!
Still! murm'ring wind; ah, hush! thou prattling stream,
I'll sleep again; sweet Fancy, still be kind
To my distracted, tortured, loving mind—
A world, a world, for such another dream!

J. H.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONNET TO MAY.

TO MARY.

SWEET queen of smiles, that o'er the dewy plain
Now com'st to bid the blushing bud unfold,
All eyes with rapture thine approach behold;
Whilst nature joys to own thy blissful reign.

The modest wild-flower, and the flaunting train,
The garden's pride, alike confess thy care;
And hark! the spritely warblers of the air
Pay to their lovely queen the welcome strain.

O let me wander, now the solar ray
Bursts from the east and lights the bloomy tree!
I love the lonely walk at early day,
It wakens feelings that are dear to me:
Ah! Mary, can I view the charms of May
And not indulge the tender thought of thee?

May morning. G.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ODE ON SPRING.

By the author of the poem on the Natural Bridge.

DIVINELY bright behold the Spring,
Borne on the flutt'ring Zephyr's wing,
While every dale, and every glade,
Murmuring greet the heavenly maid.

The ruder winds no more awake
The slumbers of the silent lake;
And mark the swan delights to lave
Its plumage in the silver wave.

The school-boy through the blooming bowers,
Wandering, plucks the painted flowers,
Or, listening to the red-bird's lay,
Forgets awhile his wonted play.

The swallow in a mazy ring,
Skims the pool with rapid wing,
While merry on the blossom'd spray,
The mocking songster pours his lay.

O Spring, sweet rosy-bosomed maid,
Be yet thy parting smile delayed
Still blandly whisper through the trees,
And wave thy tresses to the breeze!

CORRESPONDENCE——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Before your correspondent C. attempted to account for certain affections of the human body, which are produced by a rarefied atmosphere, by a deficiency in the oxigenous portion of atmospheric air, in very lofty situations, he ought accurately to have ascertained that this was the fact.

The latest æronauts, who have brought down air from the upper regions, and have had it examined by the most celebrated chymists in Europe, inform us, that it is precisely of the same degree of purity, as that on the surface of the earth.*

If this be true, what becomes of the theory of C.?

LACONIC.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE spirited Biography of that justly celebrated military commander, general ANTHONY WAYNE will inflame the youthful enthusiast and rouse the veteran soldier. Of the numerous officers, who have adorned the annals of America, few have been more splendidly distinguished than the subject of this faithful memoir. He was, in the strongest sense of the word, valiant. His courage was always of a daring, determined, decided, and desperate character. The *virtus*, or military fortitude of the Romans, was his shining characteristic. The word fear was wholly unknown in his vocabulary. Actuated by an undaunted soul, stimulated by the desire of glory, and governed by the principle of patriotism; with a stout heart, a steady hand, *the Douglas blood*, and

An eye, like Mars, to THREATEN OR COMMAND,

he hewed his way with his sword, and Danger, *with limbs of giant mould*, fled away before him. With blended sorrow, shame, and indignation we add that the remains of this warrior, of whom his ungrateful country ought to be justly proud, repose ingloriously, not to say

* "Atmospheric air, and air taken at the height of 6636·5 metres, are exactly the same." Phil. Mag. vol. 31, p. 224. The experiments on the air brought from the upper regions, by Guy Lussac, were performed at the Polytecnic school in Paris, under the inspection of Messrs. Thenard and Gressets

ignominiously, on a distant frontier, amid the savage rudeness of the forest. The bold chieftain while prodigal of his blood, and reckless of his life, he bared his bosom to many a hostile spear, would scarcely anticipate that his whitening bones would be left *for daws to peck at* on the very soil he defended! He adds another to an illustrious, but neglected catalogue.

> EDWARD and HENRY, now the boast of fame,
> And virtuous ALFRED, a more sacred name,
> After a life of generous toils endur'd,
> The FOE SUBDUED and property secur'd,
> Ambition humbled, MIGHTY BULWARKS STORM'D,
> Or laws establish'd and the world reform'd,
> Clos'd their long glories, with a sigh to find
> The *unwilling* gratitude of BASE MANKIND.

But though the state may be negligent of his fame, and leave his ashes to be dissipated by the night winds, there are who feel for his renown, and who erect for him as fair an obelisk, as Sensibility can conceive, or ardent Enthusiasm rear. No corrosive mildew of ingratitude can blight his military reputation. It is the *immobile saxum* of the Roman poet, and will remain unshaken when *gorgeous palaces* shall have crumbled away.

> Let FAME, that all hunt after in their lives,
> Live registered upon his brazen tomb
> And then grace him, in the disgrace of death,
> When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
> The endeavour of his ardent soul may buy
> That HONOUR, which shall bate the sithe's keen edge
> And make him heir of all eternity.

The character of "PROTEUS" is certainly of a *meteoric* complexion, but it ought not to excite the *astonishment* of his delineator. Sanguine, volatile, ardent, impetuous, restless; with boiling blood, vehement passions, and irritable nerves, the impulses, the habits, and the conduct of such a being are the natural results of his genius and temperament. Men need not be either confounded or amazed at the eccentricity of a *comet;* and the *sallies* of some minds are equally *irregular*. A certain species of men are a sort of *chartered libertines*. Do you expect to fix their volatility? expect at the same time to tie up the north wind, with a needleful of thread, or drain old ocean, with a teaspoon.

> To fix this Proteus were to cork in jars
> The fleeting rainbows and the falling stars.

The comparison which "Scrutator" has instituted between the character of boys and girls, reminds us of a blunt but apposite passage in one of DRYDEN's translations, where he introduces a downright Cretan, one Lygdus, thus addressing his wife:

> I have but two petitions to prefer,
> Short pains for thee; for me a *son and heir*.
> *Girls* cost as many throes in bringing forth;
> Besides, when born, the *chits* are *little worth;*
> *Weak puling things*, unable to sustain
> Their share of labour, and their bread to gain.

The request of O is inadmissible. He is too extravagant in his expectations. We must address him in the words of WALLER.

Should you no honey vow to taste,
But what the *master bees* have plac'd
In compass of *their* cells, how small
A portion to your share would fall!

Our correspondent must be content sometimes with plain fare, and not ask us *every day* to set forth a princely banquet.

The hints from our learned friend at N—— shall be most sedulously and respectfully regarded. We have been in the habit of perusing regularly the elegant miscellany, to which he alludes, and were remarkably well pleased with the wit and talents, displayed in many of the first volumes. The proprietorship of the work has been repeatedly changed, and under the administration of the present editor his Journal has declined somewhat in reputation. Still, in our opinion, it is better conducted than many rival and contemporaneous publications; and at one epoch, of no short duration, it was unquestionably the most amusing work of the kind, published in Great Britain. We have reason to believe that Mr. Sheridan, Joseph Richardson and many other gentlemen of the most brilliant talents, contributed pretty liberally to diversify its pages. Perhaps no establishment of this nature approached so nearly to the best manner of the old "Court Miscellany," and "The Town and Country Magazine," we mean before the pages of the latter were polluted by scandal. It was at one time edited by the celebrated Isaac Reed, Esq. a man of elegant attainments and a sort of literary virtuoso. The arts, manners, and amusements of the age were extremely well depicted, and the anecdotical, the witty and the dramatic departments were very ably filled. Such being our opinion of the general plan and execution of the variegated volumes, to which our friend has solicited our attention, we shall open them with renovated delight, when assisted by his taste and judgment in the task of selection. Not a single article, that he has suggested for our consideration, shall be neglected in the course of our literary labours. But, at present we can avail ourselves but rarely of his judicious advice. For, contrary to all expectation, even of the most sanguine of our friends, we receive and believe we shall continue to receive, a mass of *original* communications of no vulgar or flimsy character. Nevertheless, we will sometimes find room, even if we are obliged to print extra sheets, for foreign productions of such exquisite composition, as our friend has indicated. With the native wild flowers and the *sua poma* of our own country, we will mingle elegant exotics, and the golden fruits of the other hemisphere. The classical authors of England, France, Germany, Spain and Italy, shall often pass in review before us; and whatever is new and rare, whatever is calculated for the substantial benefit of society, or by harmless wit and smiling good humour is fitted to beguile life of some of its tediousness, shall never be deliberately neglected by the Editor.

Two poems written, we believe, by a lady of this city, one, entitled The Transit of the Exotic, and the other "Forget me not," in allusion to a beautiful copy of verses, by Mrs. Opie, have much merit, and we hope the writer will frequently favour us with lines of a *similar description.* These two last words we have printed in italics, because another article, accompanying them, we were obliged to reject, and a second communication of the same character, which should have been rejected, was inserted in our second number in the absence of the editor from the press. The verses in question were inadmissible, not from any lack of metrical exactness, or any flagrant errors of composition, but because the allusions and situations were so perfectly local and *do-*

mestic, that, however pleasing and proper in the family circle, to which they refer, they are wholly uninteresting to the public, to whom they must be absolutely unintelligible. We speak this in no fastidious humour, nor have we the slightest wish to repress the genius, or wound the feelings of an ingenious and amiable woman. But WE MUST DO OUR DUTY, AND MAINTAIN OUR RIGHTS, AT EVERY HAZARD. If any stress be laid upon his literary habits, and his experience, as the uncontrolled manager of a public Journal, the Editor must be supposed to know with some degree of certainty what is proper to meet the public eye; and when, after due deliberation, he rejects a communication, every candid, liberal and reflecting man must ascribe that rejection, not to Caprice, not to Petulance, not to Wantonness, not to Rashness, not to Carelessness, not to Haste, but to reasons of the most decisive and invincible character.

ANALYTICUS, who has done us the honour of occasionally corresponding with us for some years, is thanked emphatically for many of his recent speculations. The metaphysical and ethical mode, which he sometimes adopts in his acute analyses of human sentiments, manners, and character, as portrayed in SHAKSPEARE'S imperishable page, is particularly entitled to the attention of the curious inquirer. The union of philosophy with poetry, upon the principles adopted by our friend, is like the fabled loves of Mars and Venus, it is the alliance of Strength and Beauty. Professor RICHARDSON, one of the politest scholars in Scotland, was one of the first, who undertook to investigate Shakspeare, in this acute, ingenious, and profitable manner. Both his style and sagacity deserve the highest praise, and like lord Kaimes, he may be very advantageously consulted, by that upper class of readers and critics, who peruse the bard of Avon for higher purposes than those of mere amusement. These elegant models of critical ingenuity have certainly not escaped the regard of Analyticus, who, we know, is in the regular habit of perusing those profound authors, who marshal their ideas according to the most rigid rule of reasoning. We wish that our correspondent, pursuing, with a sort of periodical punctuality, his original plan, would investigate in a regular train some of the more recondite passages, as well as singular characters and extraordinary situations in Shakspeare. Othello has been viewed in every light, and Desdemona's character has been drawn by philosophers, commentators and critics, as well as by Shakspeare himself. But we should be delighted to peruse an essay on the merits and demerits of Iago, Roderigo, Cassio and Emilia. A man of genius, combining a knowledge of the human heart with habits of philosophical precision, might exhibit those characters in a very strong and salutary light. The characters of Portia and Beatrice, of Rosalind and Celia would furnish copious topics of curious resemblance, under the management of a diligent investigator. Julius Cæsar and Mark Antony, Cassius, King John and the Lady Constance, King Henry VIII and Queen Catharine, Justice Shallow, Justice Silence, Nym and Poins would furnish hints for frequent speculation. The habits, manners, and, in particular, the *phrase* of ancient Pistol might be judiciously scanned, and the origin and progress of bombastic speech and writing be, from the latter circumstance, very curiously traced. The character of Cleopatra would furnish a fine subject for the moral, and that of Autolycus in the Winter's Tale, for the humorous painter. The Midsummer Night's Dream might employ an author for years, and the too much neglected play of Love's Labour Lost, task all the ingenuity of a Columbian commentator. In Measure for Measure, the grave characters of the Duke and of Angelo,

and of Isabella, in opposition to the heartless Barnardine and the fantastic Lucio, form a most interesting group, which might demand all the scrutiny of the philosophic gazer. The inimitable scene between the Justice, Elbow, and Froth deserves an essay, and in Troilus and Cressida, the principal personages merit a very scrupulous examination. Above all, a very pleasing parallel, after the manner of PLUTARCH and SALLUST, might be run between the characters of Henry of Monmouth, and Harry Hotspur.

The amiable and accomplished lady, from whom we lately received a tribute to the memory of her regretted son, will find some mitigation for her grief by strengthening those habits of contemplation, composition and study, which her genius, education and industry inspire. Let her be constantly, nay laboriously employed in a course of LITERARY PURSUITS, and although Occupation will not entirely *pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow*, yet it may render the sense of it less painful, and perhaps deprive a rankling dart of some of its acuteness. At this enchanting season, the survey and the description of natural scenery, the investigation of the truths of science, and the processess of art, the endless, variegated, and delightful departments of the belles lettres, all may agreeably engage her attention, and whether she reads, meditates, or composes books, she will find, at least, a temporary oblivion of care. As we believe that her faith is fervent, and her principles unshaken, and as we *know* that her fine fancy is keenly sensible of all that is sublime and beautiful in composition, she will discover in the oriental writings innumerable topics of consolation, expressed with all the energy and elegance of the most consummate composition. By the perusal of the IMMORTAL WORK to which we now allude, her fortitude will be invigorated, her grief appeased, her hopes gilded, and her fears quelled.

Under the title of VARIETY, we propose, from time to time, either from original sources, or from very rare or recent publications, to publish a mass of miscellaneous matter, so prepared and arranged, as to afford the most diversified entertainment to the reader. Of those departments of a magazine, which are devoted, principally, to the amusement of the loungers, who by the bye, form the great majority in a metropolis, this kind of medley, which may be called small talk, or table talk, or variety, or by any title, which sufficiently indicates its light and heterogeneous character, has always proved highly acceptable. Such is the fondness of *desultory man* for short paragraphs, either pithy or poignant, that although grave essays may have their turn for examination, edification or delight, still the terse, the epigrammatic, the laconic pages in a miscellany are always the *first* to be perused. Indeed the example of ERASMUS, of LUTHER, of SELDEN and of JOHNSON, is quite sufficient to stamp a value upon those miscellaneous compositions, in which either wit or wisdom is *briefly* expressed, and men find either the merry or the memorable without being at much pains to seek for either. The adagia of the Greeks, the spritely sayings of the Romans, the apologues of the Orientals, and the colloquies of the middle Latinity, all demonstrate that this love of whatever is concise and brilliant is a universal passion. We remember many years ago to have perused a translation of this character from the Spanish, and an old volume, edited by one Fuller, containing about *twenty thousand* good things, and we were of opinion that they were among the most sensible as well as spritely books, we ever remember to have looked into.

In the department of the USEFUL ARTS, we have received from some obliging friend at New-York, a communication, relative to a magnificent aqueduct, near the enchanting vale of Llangollen, in Wales. This description may furnish profitable hints to the civil engineer. In a country so new, and so astonishingly extensive as America, it is peculiarly proper to foster every project, auxiliary to public undertakings, whether of utility, beauty, or grandeur.

In noticing this article we advert, with pleasure, to the inscription. Perhaps no style is of more difficult attainment than the lapidary. A very large proportion of the epitaphs in Westminster Abbey are in the very worst taste of writing, and are remarkable for any qualities, rather than terseness, force, or brevity. Numerous inscriptions on the most magnificent edifices in London, and throughout the United Kingdom, often serve only to perpetuate the imbecility of the inscriber. Such is the copiousness and diffusion of many a protracted period in this class of writing, that it seems we are reading a history rather than an inscription. In the concluding paragraph of the article we are now commending, the reader will acknowledge the justness of the sentiment and praise the classical elegance of the style. It is free from the defects above mentioned, and is not unworthy of the genius of a Lacedemonian.

The gentleman, who has favoured us with the precocious production of a darling child, is thanked, with emphasis, for such an interesting communication. Although the partiality of a parent is extremely visible in his letter, yet that very circumstance is honorable to the author; and we have so much faith in him, both as a Phycisian and a Philosopher, that we believe his feelings have not beguiled him to exaggerate the truth. This remarkable record of prematurity of talent, although marvellous, and even romantic, has been before realized in the case of Cowley, Chatterton, and many others, whose names, the memory and various reading of our correspondent will readily suggest. The *boy bard*, whom the fondness of a father thus affectionately describes, deserves all that fostering care, which infant genius demands; and, from our knowledge of the abilities and affection of the parents, we are of opinion that the talents of the child will not languish for lack of culture. This prattling poet in miniature commences with good omens the career of literature. We hope he will reach the goal, and be crowned with the chaplets of Applause.

MORTUARY.

Died, on the 3d inst. at Rockland, near Havre de Grace, Philip Thomas, Esq.

In the death of this worthy man, his widow is deprived of an affectionate husband, his children of a tender father, and his servants of the most indulgent of masters; his immediate acquaintance of a kind neighbour and firm friend, whilst the poor of his district will have to mourn that the hand which so often ministered to their wants will never again resume its wonted office.

Of a frank and noble disposition, free from the grovelling prejudices of the generality of mankind, Mr. Thomas was eminently calculated to grace the social circle, and add to the felicities of life; and, while his doors were ever open to his friends or the wandering stranger, his domestic arrangement displayed all that can be conceived of the hospitality, freedom and comforts of a real country gentleman of "olden time."

Died, on the 7th inst. aged 62 years, Samuel Breck, Esq. This gentleman was born in Boston, in which town he resided till within the last sixteen years: these he has passed in Philadelphia; where, in the philanthropic spirit of his native home, he gained the love of all who knew him, by his urbane manners and numerous virtues.

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum.

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